

# JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

## AND OTHER STORIES



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JACK CLIMBED UP AND UP UNTIL HIS MOTHER'S COTTAGE LOOKED A MERE SPECK BELOW.



# JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

## AND OTHER STORIES.



WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK:  
A. L. BURT, PUBLISHER.



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# JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

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ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in a little cottage with her only son Jack.

Jack was a giddy, thoughtless boy, but very kind-hearted and affectionate. There had been a hard winter, and after it the poor woman had suffered from fever and ague. Jack did no work as yet, and by degrees they grew dreadfully poor. The widow saw that there was no means of keeping Jack and herself from starvation but by selling her cow; so one morning she said to her son: "I am too weak to go myself, Jack; so you must take the cow to market for me, and sell her."

"Never mind, mother," said Jack. "We must sell Milky White. Trust me to make a good bargain," and away he went to the market.

For some time he went along very sadly, but after a little he quite recovered his spirits. As he was leading the cow by the halter, he went whistling along until he met a butcher.

"Good-morning," said the butcher.

"Good-morning, sir," answered Jack.

"Where are you going?" said the butcher.

"I am going to market to sell the cow."

"It's lucky I met you," said the butcher. "You may save yourself the trouble of going so far."

With this he put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out five curious-looking beans. "What do you call these?" he said.

"Beans," said Jack.

"Yes," said he, "beans; but they're the most wonderful beans that ever were known. If you plant them overnight, by the next morning they'll grow up and reach the sky. But to save you the trouble of going all the way to market I don't mind exchanging them for that cow of yours."

"Done!" cried Jack, who was so delighted with the bargain that he ran all the way home to tell his mother how lucky he had been.

But, oh! how disappointed the poor widow was!



JACK RAN ALL THE WAY HOME TO TELL HIS MOTHER HOW LUCKY HE HAD BEEN.

When he brought them home to his mother, instead of the money she expected for her nice cow, she was very vexed and shed many tears, scolding Jack for his folly. He was very sorry, and mother and son went to bed very sadly that night; their last hope seemed gone.





SO JACK WENT WHISTLING ALONG UNTIL HE MET A BUTCHER.



At daybreak Jack rose and went out into the garden.

"At least," he thought, "I will sow the wonderful beans. Mother says that they are just common scarlet-runners, and nothing else; but I may as well sow them."

So he took a piece of stick, and made some holes in the ground, and put in the beans.

That day they had very little dinner, and went sadly to bed, knowing that for the next day there would be none; and Jack, unable to sleep from grief and vexation, got up at day-dawn and went out into the garden.

What was his amazement to find that the beans had grown up in the night, and climbed up and up till they covered the high cliff that sheltered the cottage, and disappeared above it! The stalks had twined and twisted themselves together till they formed quite a ladder.

"It would be easy to climb it," thought Jack.

And, having thought of the experiment, he at once resolved to carry it out; for Jack was a good climber. However, after his late mistake about the cow, he thought he had better consult his mother first.

#### WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE BEANSTALK.

So Jack called his mother, and they both gazed in silent wonder at the beanstalk, which was not only of great height, but was thick enough to bear Jack's weight.

"I wonder where it ends," said Jack to his mother; "I think I will climb up and see."

His mother wished him not to venture up this strange ladder, but Jack coaxed her to give her consent to the attempt, for he was certain there must be something wonderful in the beanstalk; so at last she yielded to his wishes.

Jack instantly began to climb, and went up and up on the ladder-like stalk till everything he had left behind him—the cottage, the village, and even the tall church tower—looked quite little, and still he could not see the top of the beanstalk.

Jack felt a little tired, and thought for a moment that he would go

back again; but he was a very persevering boy, and he knew that the way to succeed in anything is not to give up. So after resting for a moment he went on.

After climbing higher and higher, till he grew afraid to look down for fear he should be giddy, Jack at last reached the top of the beanstalk, and found himself in a beautiful country, finely wooded, with beautiful meadows covered with sheep. A crystal stream ran through the pastures; not far from the place where he had got off the beanstalk stood a fine, strong castle.

Jack wondered very much that he had never heard of or seen this castle before; but when he reflected on the subject he saw that it was as much separated from the village by the perpendicular rock on which it stood as if it were in another land.

While Jack was standing looking at the castle a very strange-looking woman came out of the wood, and advanced toward him.

She wore a pointed cap of quilted red satin turned up with ermine; her hair streamed loose over her shoulders, and she walked with a staff. Jack took off his cap, and made her a bow.

"If you please, ma'am," said he, "is this your house?" r

"No," said the old lady. "Listen, and I will tell you the story of that castle." ty

"Once upon a time there was a noble knight, who lived in this castle which is on the borders of fairyland. He had a fair and beloved wife and several lovely children; and as his neighbors, the little people, were very friendly toward him, they bestowed on him many excellent and precious gifts.

"Rumors whispered of these treasures; and a monstrous giant, who lived at no great distance, and who was a very wicked being, resolved to obtain possession of them.

"So he bribed a false servant to let him inside the castle when the knight was in bed and asleep, and he killed him as he lay. Then he went to the part of the castle which was the nursery, and also killed all the poor little ones he found there.

"Happily for her, the lady was not to be found. She had gone with her infant son, who was only two or three months old, to visit her old

have awakened and have eaten you, as he did them, for breakfast. Come here, child; go into my wardrobe: he never ventures to open *that*; you will be safe there."

And she opened a huge wardrobe which stood in the great hall, and shut him into it. But the keyhole was so large that it admitted plenty of air, and he could see everything that took place through it. By and by he heard a heavy tramp on the stairs, like the lumbering along of a great cannon, and then a voice like thunder cried out:

"Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,  
I smell the breath of an Englishman.  
Let him be alive or let him be dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Wife," cried the giant, "there is a man in the castle. Let me have him for breakfast."

"You are grown old and stupid," cried the lady, in her loud tones. "It is only a nice, fresh steak off an elephant, that I have cooked for you, which you smell. There, sit down, and make a good breakfast."

And she placed a huge dish before him of savory steaming meat, which greatly pleased him, and made him forget his idea of an Englishman being in the castle. When he had breakfasted he went out for a walk; and then the giantess opened the door, and made Jack come out to help her. He helped her all day. She fed him well, and when evening came put him back in the wardrobe.

#### THE HEN THAT LAYS GOLDEN EGGS.

The giant came in to supper. Jack watched him through the keyhole, and was amazed to see him pick a wolf's bone and put half a fowl at a time into his capacious mouth.

When the supper was ended he bade his wife bring him his hen that laid the golden eggs.

"It lays as well as it did when it belonged to that paltry knight," he said; "indeed, I think the eggs are heavier than ever."

The giantess went away, and soon returned with a little brown hen, which she placed on the table before her husband. "And now, my dear," she said, "I am going for a walk, if you don't want me any longer."

"Go," said the giant; "I shall be glad to have a nap by and by.

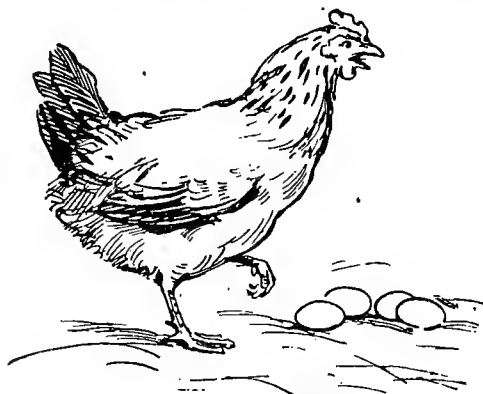
Then he took up the brown hen, and said to her:

"Lay!" And she instantly laid a golden egg.

"Lay!" said the giant again. And she laid another.

"Lay!" he repeated the third time. And again a golden egg lay on the table.

Now Jack was sure this hen was that of which the fairy had spoken.



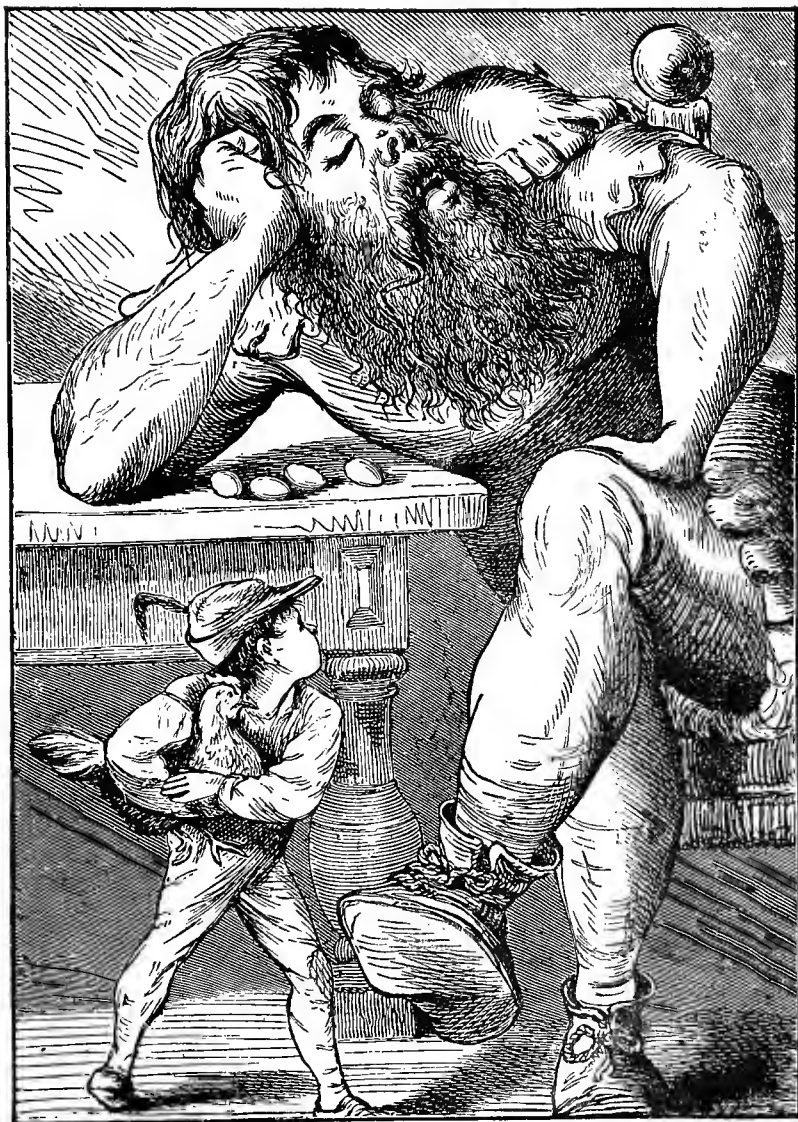
THE LITTLE BROWN HEN.

By and by the giant put the hen down on the floor, and soon after went fast asleep, snoring so loud that it sounded like thunder.

Directly Jack perceived that the giant was fast asleep he pushed open the door of the wardrobe and crept out; very softly he stole across the room, and, picking up the hen, made haste to quit the apartment. He knew the way to the kitchen, the door of which he found was left ajar; he opened it, shut and locked it after him, and flew back to the beanstalk, which he descended as fast as his feet would move.

When his mother saw him enter the house she wept for joy, for she had feared that the fairies had carried him away, or that the giant had found him. But Jack put the brown hen down before her, and told





JACK SNATCHED UP THE LITTLE BROWN HEN AND MADE A DASH FOR THE DOOR.



her how he had been in the giant's castle, and all his adventures. She was very glad to see the hen, which would make them rich once more.

## THE MONEY BAGS.

Jack made another journey up the beanstalk to the giant's castle one day while his mother had gone to market; but first he dyed his hair and disguised himself. The old woman did not know him again, and dragged him in as she had done before to help her to do the work; but she heard her husband coming, and hid him in the wardrobe, not thinking that it was the same boy who had stolen the hen. She bade him stay quite still there, or the giant would eat him.

Then the giant came in, saying:

“Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,  
I smell the breath of an Englishman.  
Let him be alive or let him be dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.”

“Nonsense!” said the wife; “it is only a roasted bullock that I thought would be a tit-bit for your supper; sit down, and I will bring it up at once.” The giant sat down, and soon his wife brought up a roasted bullock on a large dish, and they began their supper. Jack was amazed to see them pick the bones of the bullock as if it had been a lark. As soon as they had finished their meal the giantess rose and said:

“Now, my dear, with your leave I am going up to my room to finish the story I am reading. If you want me call for me.”

“First,” answered the giant, “bring me my money bags, that I may count my golden pieces before I sleep.” The giantess obeyed. She went and soon returned with two large bags over her shoulders, which she put down by her husband.

“There,” she said; “that is all that is left of the knight's money. When you have spent it you must go and take another baron's castle.”

“That he shan't if I can help it,” thought Jack.

The giant, when his wife was gone, took out heaps and heaps of golden pieces, and counted them, and put them in piles, till he was tired of the amusement. Then he swept them all back into their bags, and,

leaning back in his chair, fell fast asleep, snoring so loud that no other sound was audible.

Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe, and taking up the bags of money (which were his very own, because the giant had stolen them from his father), he ran off, and with great difficulty descending the beanstalk, laid the bags of gold on his mother's table. She had just returned from town, and was crying at not finding Jack.

"There, mother, I have brought you the gold that my father lost."

"Oh, Jack! you are a very good boy; but I wish you would not risk your precious life in the giant's castle. Tell me how you came to go there again."

And Jack told her all about it.

Jack's mother was very glad to get the money; but she did not like him to run any risk for her.

But after a time Jack made up his mind to go again to the giant's castle.

#### THE PLAYING HARP.

So he climbed the beanstalk once more, and blew the horn at the giant's gate. The giantess soon opened the door; she was very stupid, and did not know him again, but she stopped a minute before she took him in. She feared another robbery; but Jack's fresh face looked so innocent that she could not resist him, and so she bade him come in, and again hid him away in the wardrobe.

By and by the giant came home, and as soon as he had crossed the threshold he roared out:

"Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,  
I smell the breath of an Englishman.  
Let him be alive or let him be dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"You stupid old giant," said his wife, "you only smell a nice sheep, which I have grilled for your dinner."

And the giant sat down, and his wife brought up a whole sheep for his dinner. When he had eaten it all up he said:

"Now bring me my harp, and I will have a little music while you take your walk."

The giantess obeyed, and returned with a beautiful harp. The framework was all sparkling with diamonds and rubies, and the strings were all of gold.



"PLAY," SAID THE GIANT, AND THE HARP PLAYED A SWEET LULLABY.

"This is one of the nicest things I took from the knight," said the giant. "I am very fond of music, and my harp is a faithful servant."

So he drew the harp toward him, and said:

"Play!"

And the harp played a very soft, sad air.

"Play something merrier!" said the giant.

And the harp played a merry tune.

"Now play me a lullaby," roared the giant; and the harp played a sweet lullaby, to the sound of which its master fell asleep.

Then Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe, and went into the huge kitchen to see if the giantess had gone out; he found no one there, so he went to the door and opened it softly, for he thought he could not do so with the harp in his hand.



WITH A FEARFUL ROAR THE GIANT SEIZED HIS OAK-TREE CLUB AND DASHED AFTER JACK.

Then he entered the giant's room and seized the harp and ran away with it; but as he jumped over the threshold the harp called :

"MASTER! MASTER!"

And the giant woke up.

With a tremendous roar he sprang from his seat, and in two strides had reached the door.

But Jack was very nimble. He fled like lightning with the harp, talking to it as he went (for he saw it was a fairy), and telling it he was the son of its old master, the knight.

Still the giant came on so fast that he was quite close to poor Jack,



and had stretched out his great hand to catch him. But, luckily, just at that moment he stepped upon a loose stone, stumbled, and fell flat on the ground, where he lay at his full length.

This accident gave Jack time to get on the beanstalk and hasten down it; but just as he reached their own garden he beheld the giant descending after him.

"Mother! Mother!" cried Jack. "Make haste and give me the ax!"

His mother ran to him with a hatchet in her hand, and Jack with one tremendous blow cut through all the beanstalks except one.

"Now, mother, stand out of the way!" said he.

#### THE GIANT BREAKS HIS NECK.

Jack's mother shrank back, and it was well she did so, for just as the giant took hold of the last branch of the beanstalk Jack cut the stem quite through and darted from the spot.

Down came the giant with a terrible crash, and as he fell on his head he broke his neck, and lay dead at the feet of the woman he had so much injured.

Before Jack and his mother had recovered from their alarm and agitation a beautiful lady stood before them.

"Jack," said she, "you have acted like a brave knight's son, and deserve to have your inheritance restored to you. Dig a grave and bury the giant, and then go and kill the giantess."

"But," said Jack, "I could not kill any one unless I were fighting with him; and I could not draw my sword upon a woman. Moreover, the giantess was very kind to me."

The fairy smiled on Jack.

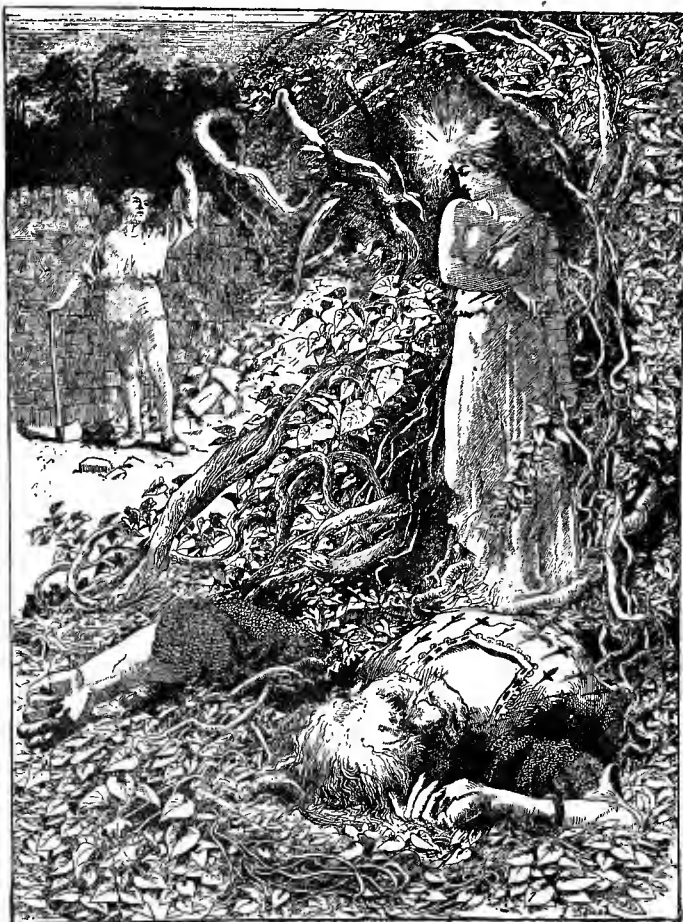
"I am very much pleased with your generous feeling," she said. "Nevertheless, return to the castle, and act as you will find needful."

Jack asked the fairy if she would show him the way to the castle, as the beanstalk was now down. She told him that she would drive him there in her chariot, which was drawn by two peacocks. Jack thanked her and sat down in the chariot with her.

The fairy drove him a long distance round, till they reached a village which lay at the bottom of the hill. Here they found a number of

miserable-looking men assembled. The fairy stopped her carriage and addressed them.

"My friends," said she, "the cruel giant who oppressed you and ate up all your flocks and herds is dead, and this young gentleman was the



DOWN CAME THE GIANT WITH A TERRIBLE CRASH.

means of your being delivered from him, and is the son of your kind old master, the knight."

The men gave a loud cheer at these words, and pressed forward to say that they would serve Jack as faithfully as they had served his

father. The fairy bade them follow her to the castle, and they marched thither in a body, and Jack blew the horn and demanded admittance.

The old giantess saw them coming from the turret loophole. She was very much frightened, for she guessed that something had happened to her husband; and as she came downstairs very fast she caught her foot in her dress, and fell from the top to the bottom, and broke her neck.

When the people outside found that the door was not opened to them they took crowbars and forced the portal. Nobody was to be seen; but on leaving the hall they found the body of the giantess at the foot of the stairs.

Thus Jack took possession of the castle. The fairy went and brought his mother to him, with the hen and the harp. He had the giantess buried, and endeavored as much as lay in his power to do right to those whom the giant had robbed.

Before her departure for fairyland the fairy explained to Jack that she had sent the butcher to meet him with the beans, in order to try what sort of lad he was.

"If you had looked at the gigantic beanstalk, and only stupidly wondered about it," she said, "I should have left you where misfortune had placed you, only restoring her cow to your mother. But you showed an inquiring mind, and great courage and enterprise, therefore you deserve to rise; and when you mounted the beanstalk you climbed the ladder of fortune."

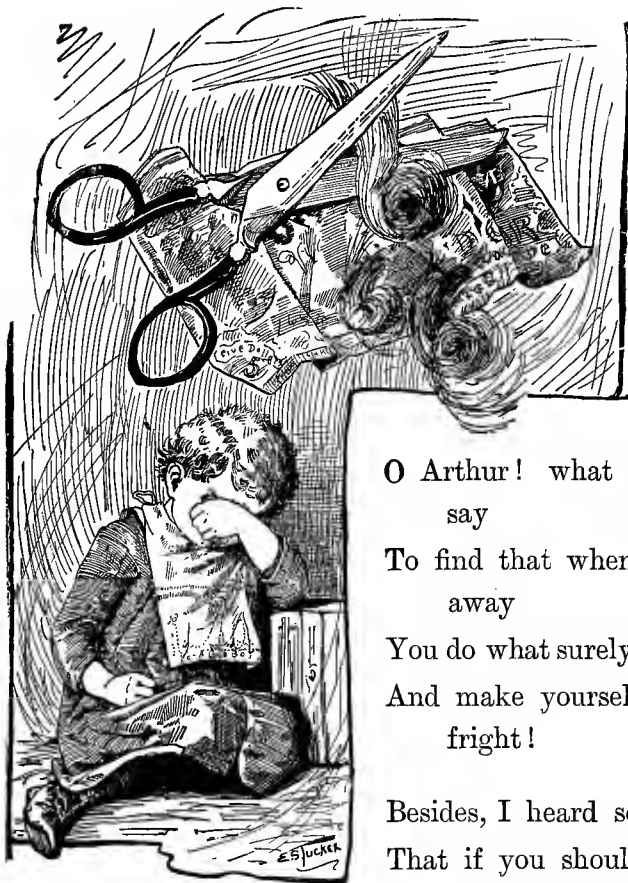
She then took her leave of Jack and his mother.



### WHAT ARTHUR LOST.



LOOK! on a cricket Arthur stands,  
A pair of scissors in his hands;  
What is he doing? I declare,  
He's cutting off his curly hair.



O Arthur! what will mother  
say

To find that when she's gone  
away

You do what surely is not right,  
And make yourself look like a  
fright!

Besides, I heard somebody say  
That if you should be good all ....  
day,

To-morrow you and I should go  
To see the wonderful new show:

An elephant who really knows  
Just how to dance upon his toes;  
From out a bottle draw a cork,  
And eat his food with knife and fork.

And after that there was to be  
Another treat for you and me:

We each could buy, oh, something nice,  
Some Huyler's chocolate, and an ice.

But now that crisp five-dollar bill  
We were to spend I'm thinking will  
Be used for something else, and we  
That elephant may never see.



### INDIAN BABIES.

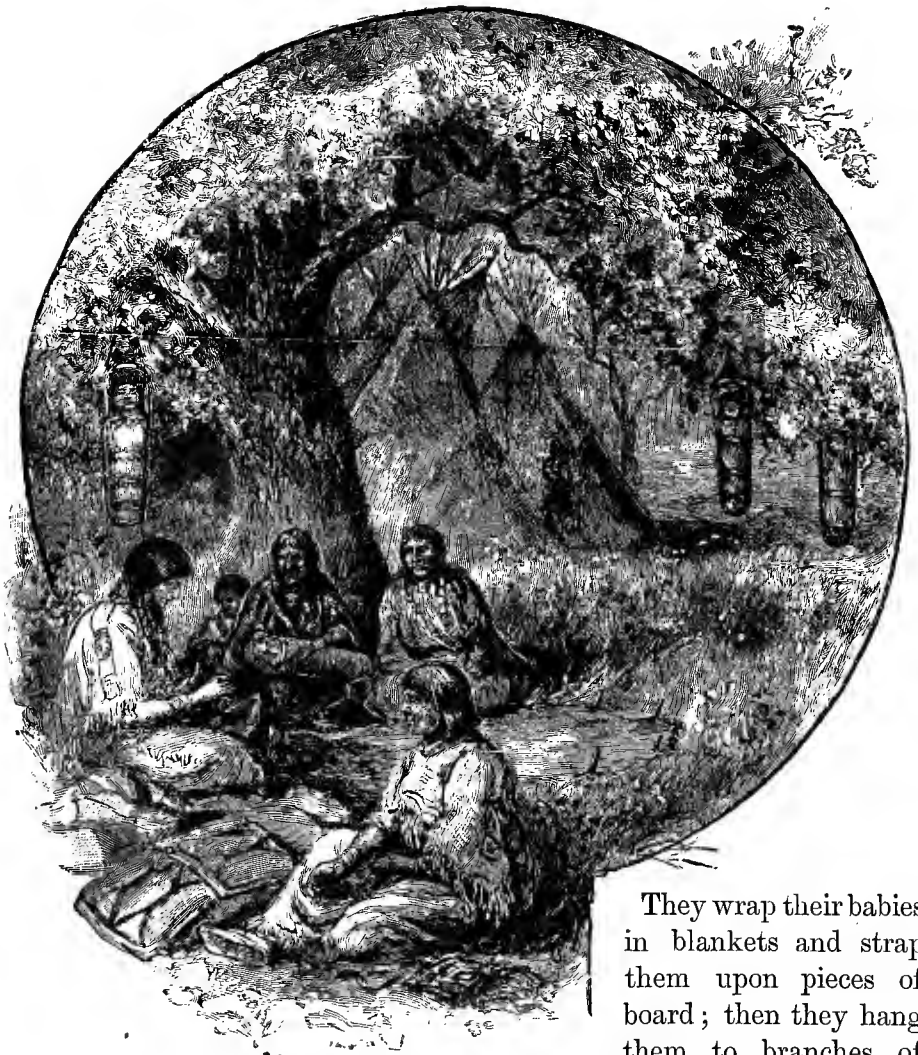


**W**HAT strange fruit appears to be growing on the trees in the picture! But these are not fruit-trees; they are cottonwood-trees, and those things you see hanging from the branches are not fruit; they are babies. They belong to that group of Indian women sitting on the grass. Indian babies are called papposes, and their mothers are known as squaws.

Beyond the large trees are the houses of the Indians. These are called wigwams. I don't think you would like to live in that kind of houses, for they have no windows. They are made of the skins of wild animals stretched over poles, which are fastened together at the top.

The Indians have no stoves, and when they build a fire the house is filled with smoke, some of which escapes at the top of the wigwam and some by the opening used as a door. Therefore, I suppose the Indian women are glad to get out and enjoy the fresh air.





They wrap their babies in blankets and strap them upon pieces of board; then they hang them to branches of

trees, out of the way of snakes or any animals that might hurt them. No doubt the birds sing the little papposes to sleep sometimes, or they are rocked to slumber by the wind, which sways the limbs of the trees. One may truly say about these Indian children:

Rock-a-by, baby, upon the treetop;  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
And down come the baby and cradle and all.

Little Charley Brown once visited an Indian camp. One of the squaws took down a pappoose for him to look at. He thought it very cunning, with its chubby, round face, its brown skin and twinkling black eyes. It looked more like a doll in a box than a real live baby.

### MARION'S TROUBLES.

Oh, dear, how I hate  
To have mother away!  
Everything has gone wrong  
Since the dawn of the  
day.

I guess I will write her,  
And tell her how sad  
I am feeling because  
I have ever been bad.

For now my own children  
So naughty have grown,  
I can well understand  
Just what trouble *she's* known.



I'll get my new inkstand,  
My paper and pen;  
When I've written mamma  
I shall feel better then.

Marion sits down at the table and writes a letter. This is the letter she wrote :

Dear mother, I'm writing  
Because you're not here,  
And I'm longing to pour  
All my thoughts in your ear.

And before I could stop them,  
Ten minutes and more,  
They fought till exhausted;  
They lay on the floor.

Just now something happened  
Which made me feel queer;  
I have sometimes felt so  
When dear mother was here.

And as I sat near them,  
Most wishing them dead,  
Just the strangest queer thoughts  
Seemed to buzz in my head.

My fair English daughter,  
The one I love well,  
Had been naughty, but *there*,  
What she did I won't tell.

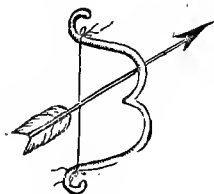
They seemed to be saying  
"Those dolls are like you,  
And the way they've behaved  
You've behaved that way, too.

But 'twas after 'twas over  
My doll from Japan  
Became angry because  
I soothed Bess with *her* fan.

The way you are feeling;  
Oh, mother, you know  
Just about how I felt,  
For I've made you feel so.

Oh, mother, come home,  
Come quickly, I pray,  
And I promise I'll try  
To be good every day.

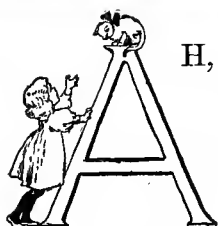
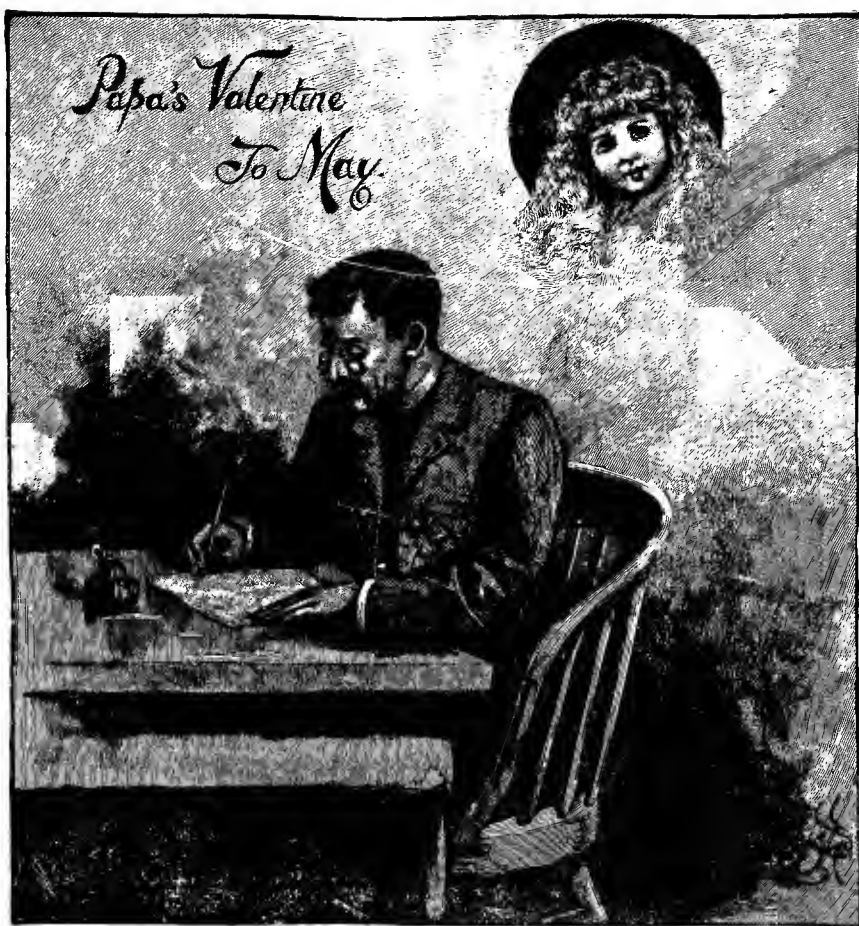
# Mary's Valentine To Papa



I WILL write my own letter  
Though I cannot write well;  
I suppose I shall blot it,  
And oh, I can't spell.

But the person who'll get it  
I'm sure will not mind;  
He's so patient and loving,  
So gentle and kind.

"Dear papa," I will say,  
"I'm your own Valentine,  
And there's nobody else  
Who shall ever be mine."

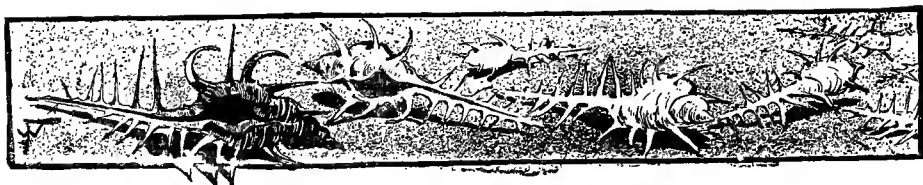


H, little maid with golden hair,  
And eyes of heaven's blue!  
If you'll accept this Valentine  
I'll e'er be true to you.

If I should write from morn till night,  
I'd not have time to say  
How much I love you, little one;  
My darling, precious May!

If you but smile, then all the world  
For me seems going well,  
But if you frown, the pain I feel  
Is more than tongue can tell.

If you should go away, my dear,  
To foreign lands afar,  
You'd leave a faithful heart behind,  
The heart of your papa.



## A VISIT FROM MR. ROBINSON AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

FLORA and Jack were just finishing their luncheon. They were all alone in the dining-room, for mamma had gone to Boston and would not be home until very late. Suddenly they heard a loud knocking on the dining-room door. They ran at once and opened the door, wondering who was making so much noise.

There stood their neighbor, Mr. Robinson. Mr. Robinson was a very kind man, who was very fond of children; as he had no little ones of his own, he often went to the house of the parents of Flora and Jack, just to see the children. He liked to amuse them, and would sometimes join in their games, as if he were their own age. The children were always glad to see him, for they knew that fun of some kind was sure to follow one of his visits.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson! Mr. Robinson!" they cried at once. "We are

so glad to see you. We are all alone; do come in and have some luncheon."

"I should not think you could eat your luncheon in peace," replied Mr. Robinson, with a very sober face, "when there is a man out in your yard who has not had a thing to eat all day."

"Not anything to eat all day!" repeated Flora, and then she stopped, and looked hard at Mr. Robinson. There are several kinds of sober faces. One kind shows the owner of the face is *feeling* very sober; another kind shows that the owner of the face is making believe he is feeling sober. Now Mr. Robinson had the last kind of a sober face, and Flora, when she stopped speaking, began to laugh, and Jack laughed also.

"Why, what are you two children laughing at?" inquired their friend, and there was not a sign of a smile on his face. "I don't see anything to laugh at about a man who has had nothing to eat. If you don't believe me, come and look out of the hall window." The children ran to the window and looked out in the yard. At the first glance Flora started back with a little start of fright, then Mr. Robinson smiled kindly, as if to say it is all right, and she looked again, just as Jack exclaimed, "Pooh! Flora, before I would be afraid of a snow man."

For it was a snow man about which Mr. Robinson was talking. He

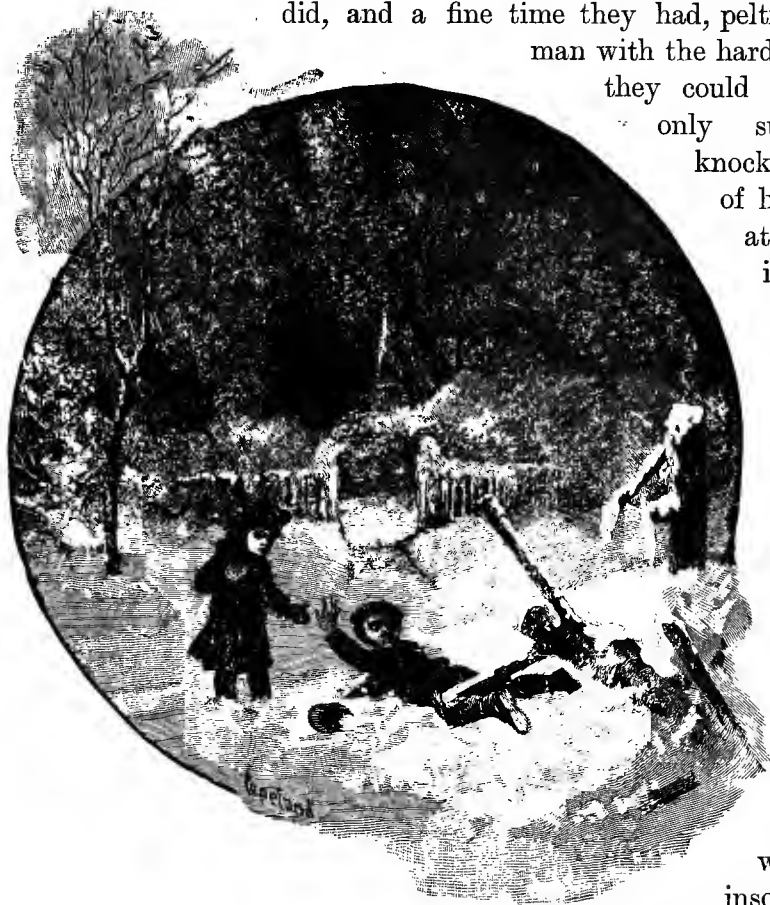


had made it for the children. He had put some long rods on to the old pump for arms, and built it up with a snowball head, so that it really was quite a startling figure. He told the children they had better put on their coats and go out and see which could knock the man down first with a snowball. This, of course, the children gladly did, and a fine time they had, pelting the snow man with the hardest snowballs they could make. They

only succeeded in knocking off one of his hands, and at last Mr. Robinson asked them to go into his house and see some pictures of animals he had bought that morning. The pictures proved very interesting, and the children stayed with Mr. Robinson until it grew almost dark out-

of-doors. When they left he said he would stand in the window, and watch to see if they got safely home.

Now Jack, who was a very brave boy in the daytime was afraid of the dark, and he ran very fast, leaving his sister behind him. He had been so interested in the pictures that he had forgotten about the snow





man. As he rushed through the yard the pieces of wood, which made the arms of the man, suddenly gave way, and the arms, the upper part of the body, with the head, pitched forward, striking Jack in the back. Very much frightened he looked back over his shoulder, saw the long arms waving in the air, and with a loud shriek fell headlong into the snow. Flora ran up and stood looking at him in surprise; at first she thought he was hurt, then she saw the reason of his fall and scream. As Jack stopped screaming, when he saw what it was that had knocked him down, he heard a voice across the street calling, "Pooh, before I would be afraid of a snow man!"

Jack picked himself up and without a word went into the house. Flora, however, could not help laughing a little, as she waved her hand good-bye to Mr. Robinson, whom she could still see standing in the window of his sitting-room.

But the best thing that came from Mr. Robinson's visit that day was this: after that Jack never made fun of his sister when she showed a little fear; he remembered the scream he gave because he was hit by a snow man, and it always made him feel a little ashamed.



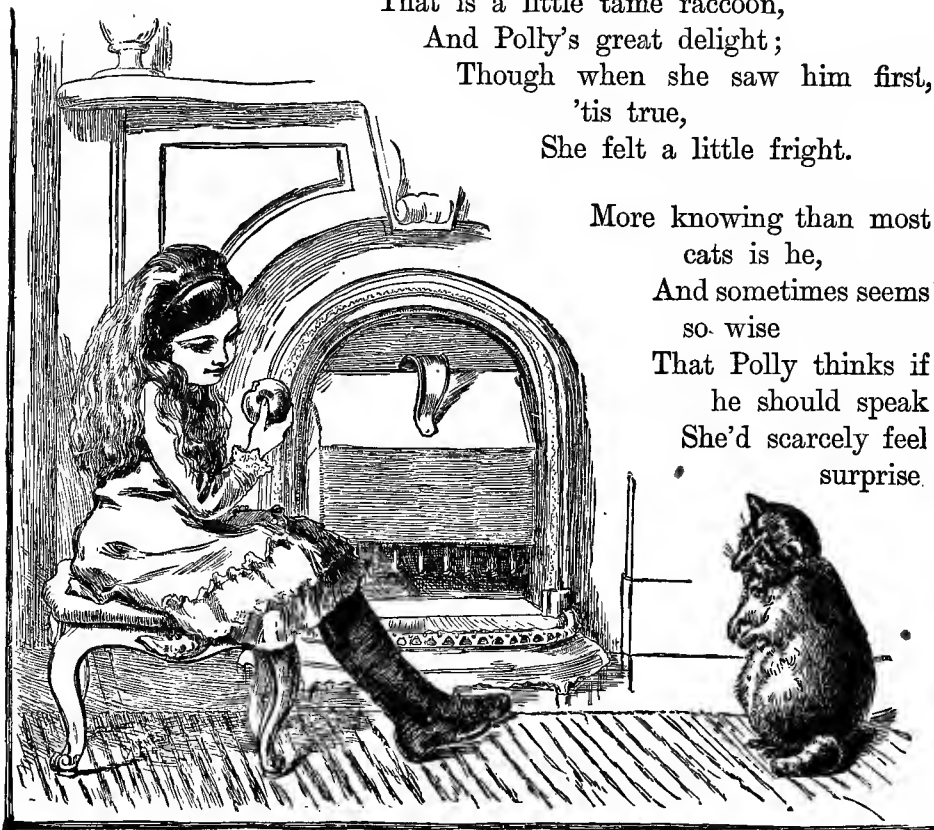


## THE KNOWING RACCOON.

“WHAT little animal is this,”  
 I seem to hear you say,  
 “Who puts his head upon one side  
 In such a knowing way?”

That is a little tame raccoon,  
 And Polly's great delight;  
 Though when she saw him first,  
 'tis true,  
 She felt a little fright.

More knowing than most  
 cats is he,  
 And sometimes seems  
 so wise  
 That Polly thinks if  
 he should speak  
 She'd scarcely feel  
 surprise.



For what he wants,  
 he always begs  
 In such a cunning  
 way,  
 That Polly finds it  
 hard indeed  
 To ever say him  
 nay.

I said he always begs,  
 but oh,  
 The truth it must  
 be told;  
 Sometimes he proves  
 himself a thief  
 As clever as he's  
 bold.



He'll watch his  
 chance and  
 hide away  
 Behind the butter-  
 churn;  
 The button on the  
 milk-safe door  
 He's taught him-  
 self to turn.

And when the dairy  
 woman sees  
 Two milky little  
 paws,

She knows she'll find an empty pan,  
And well she'll know the cause.

And once Sir Coonie thought that he  
A luncheon fine would make,  
And overturned the box wherein  
Was kept the nicest cake.

And then inside the box he sat,  
Completely at his ease,  
And ate the cookies and the cake  
Without once saying please.

But Coonie was a tidy beast,  
So dainty and so neat,  
He never came into the house  
Till he had washed his feet.

And even if he had some faults,  
Miss Polly loved him well;  
If I've forgotten all his tricks,  
Why she the rest can tell.





# THE STORY OF MASIE POPCORN.



SEVERAL years ago I was visiting in the same house with a dear little girl named Mildred Farnum. Mildred and I were together a great deal. Her mother was not well and had to remain in her room almost all the time, so it often happened that Mildred and I were left together. I remember one evening in particular, when I had the care of her.

Mildred's papa was coming back that night from a long journey. He had written to his wife, and asked her to let Mildred stay up later than usual to meet him.

The dear child was delighted with the idea, but when the time came it was very hard for her to keep awake. I told her stories; I played on the piano; I danced with her, but her blue eyes looked very, very sleepy. I thought it would have been better for her to have gone to bed, but that was not for me to say.

At last I thought of something which I felt sure would wake her up, and keep her wide awake. I sat down on the floor and popped some corn over the red ashes of the wood fire.

Strange to say, Mildred had never seen any corn popped before. She was wide awake in a moment, and very much interested.

"How they hop!" she cried. "Just like little people."

At that instant one of the kernels of corn snapped into a beautiful fluffy white object, and whirled about in the most lively way.

"Oh, they all look as if they were dancing at a party!" cried Mildred; "and that big one is the best dancer of all. And see what a lovely ruffled white gown she wears."

"Yes," I replied, as I drew the corn-popper from the hot coals; "she is the belle of the ball. She ought to have a name."

"Yes," said Mildred; "what shall we call her?"

"I think Mazie Popcorn would do nicely," I replied. Just then we heard a noise in the hall, the door was thrown open, and Mildred was caught up by a pair of big strong arms. Her papa had come home. Of course there was no more corn popped that night. Mildred went to bed very soon after her papa's return, and it was after she was in bed and sound asleep that a very funny thing happened. She told me about it the next day.

She had a very funny dream. She thought she was invited to a party, and when she went into the room where the party was to be, there was only one person in it. That person was myself. I was seated at the piano playing a waltz. Suddenly the door opened, and in flocked Mazie Popcorn and a lot of little people just like her.

They were all dressed in funny ruffled dresses, and some wore ruffled caps. But they all had tiny white feet, on which they danced in the liveliest way you could imagine. Mildred said they all danced right up to her, each one making a bow or courtesy, and keeping time to the music I was playing on the piano.

Mildred said she did not dare to dance herself for fear she might step on some of the little creatures. In her dream they seemed like some new kind of people, but Mildred never once thought that they were not alive. On and on they danced, faster and faster, hopping and skipping from one side of the room to the other. At last Mazie Popcorn cried out to Mildred, "Why don't you dance? Dance, dance, I say, or you will burn up."

"Oh, no, I shall not burn!" cried Mildred. "There is no fire here."

"No fire, no fire!" repeated Mazie Popcorn, dancing all the time. "That is as much as you know. If we stop we shall burn as black as as your shoe, as black as your shoe!"

They will certainly kill themselves if they keep on this way, thought Mildred. If I stop the music perhaps they will stop dancing. She called aloud to me, "Miss Mortimer, Miss Mortimer, don't play any —" She meant to say "more," but before the word passed her lips she found herself sitting up in her own little bed, and Mazie Popcorn and all the other little dancers had quite disappeared.





DOLLY, dolly darling!  
 O, dolly, dolly mine!  
 They laugh because I tell them  
 That you are my Valentine.



They think that I should have, dear,  
 A doll in place of you ;  
 Now don't be frightened, dolly,  
 For that's what I'll never do.

I know your nose is melted ;  
 I know one eye is gone ;  
 My father said this morning  
 That you really were forlorn.

But that's the very reason  
 Why you should always be  
 The very dearest dolly  
 In the whole round world to me.

If *my* nose should get broken,  
 If *I* looked queer and wild,  
 Would my mamma exchange me  
 For another bran-new child ?





## FEBRUARY IN FLORIDA.

WHO would ever think, to look at this picture, that it was taken in February? Here in Boston, where I am writing, it is very cold in February, as the little children often find when they run up and down each others' door-steps, leaving their valentines. Sometimes, when they have pulled the door-bell very hard, and run as fast as possible to get out of sight before the door is opened, they have fallen right into a huge snow-bank. But there are no snow-banks in the part of Florida where this picture was taken. The little girl whom you see is staying at a large hotel near by. This hotel has a very strange name; it is called "The Ponce de Leon." You must ask your papa, or your mamma, or your teacher, to tell you who the man was for whom the hotel was named. Find out what country he was born in, what wonderful things he did, and why there should be a hotel in Florida named for him. And there is something else you can ask. Perhaps you do not know where Florida is. If you do not, find that out first; then find out what the word Florida means, for it has a very pretty meaning.

Now I will tell you about the little girl in the picture. Her name is Edith; the lady to whom she is talking is her mamma. The lady's

name is Mrs. Meredith ; the little girl, Edith, is telling her mamma that she wants to go down to the pond and feed the swans. Mrs. Meredith is smiling because Edith says so earnestly, "Mamma, if I may go, I will feed them myself ; I really will, I promise."

The last time Edith had been down to the pond to feed the swans something very unpleasant had happened. Edith had some pieces of bread to give to the beautiful great white birds which were as tame as pigeons. The child had never seemed afraid of them, and Mrs. Meredith said, "Now, Edith, go a little nearer and throw your bread." At that moment one of the swans rose in the water to stretch himself a little, flapping his great wings and running his long neck forward. As he did so, Edith screamed and began to kick. Her mother had never seen her act so before, but she saw that the child was frightened. She said very gently, "Don't be frightened, darling, the swan is only stretching his wings the way you stretch your arms." But Miss Edith screamed and kicked all the harder. There were a number of other children standing by the water. They, too, had been feeding the swans without a thought of fear, but when Edith screamed they seemed to think there must be something to scream about, and every child began screaming. It was really quite dreadful, and Mrs. Meredith was very much ashamed of her little girl. At that instant something funny happened. The big swan which had been stretching himself stopped at the sound of the unusual noise. He stared at the children, and all the other swans stared, and then they all turned and swam away to the other side of the pond. After the swans went all the white geese and ducks, but the geese and the ducks did not go quietly. They set up such a hissing and quacking that it seemed as if they were telling the children to stop their noise. At any rate that was what the children all did, and stared after the swans and the geese and the ducks just the way the swans and the geese and the ducks had stared at them, and with even more astonished faces.

Mrs. Meredith carried Edith home at once. I mean back to the hotel. When the swans began moving away, she had stopped screaming, and begged to stay until they came back again. But her mamma did not think it best to have her remain. She did not know if the child would do the same thing again or not.

Now she was delighted that, of her own accord, Edith, little as she was, had made up her own mind, so sensibly, not to be frightened again. Down to the edge of the beautiful lake Mrs. Meredith went with Edith, and soon, with the other children, were feeding the graceful birds. Even when the biggest of all flapped his wings quite wildly, there was no screaming or kicking. And this happened in Florida in February, where the air was as mild as June. Don't forget to ask where Florida is, what the word means, and who Ponce de Leon was, and what he did.

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### WHEN I WAS A BOY.



CHILDREN who live in the large cities know very little about what real country life is. They go to the public or private schools, where everything is very comfortable and convenient. There are so many of these schools that very few children have to walk very far to get to any of them.

In the country, however, going to school in winter is so serious a matter that in some places during the winter months the schools are closed.

When I was a boy I had to walk two miles to the little red schoolhouse where I first learned to read. There were several children who lived within a short distance of each other. We used to meet at the crossing of two roads, and then walk through the woods together.

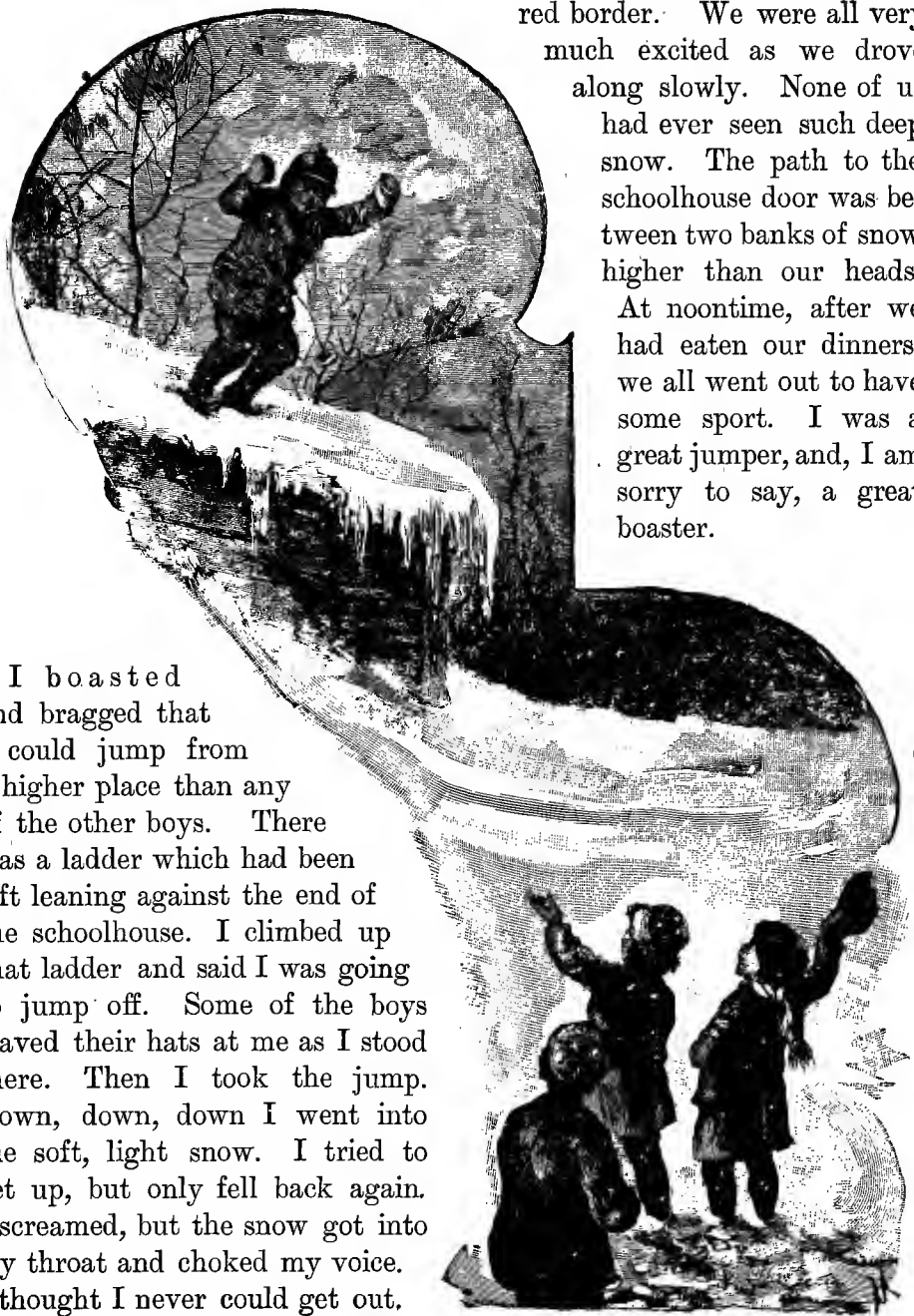
In spring the flowers were beginning to bloom by the wayside, and the birds would be singing as we passed by. In the autumn it took us a long time to get through those woods. I think the reason will be understood when I say that there were a great many walnut and chestnut trees to be passed. But I was going to tell you of something that happened to me when I was a boy.

There was a severe snow-storm in February, which had lasted for several days, and the schoolhouse had been closed. When the sun shone and the roads had been broken, my father drove me and the neighbors' children to school. One of the neighbors drove us back again in the afternoon. Of course we all had our dinners with us as usual. I remember I always carried mine in a little basket which had a

red border. We were all very much excited as we drove along slowly. None of us had ever seen such deep snow. The path to the schoolhouse door was between two banks of snow higher than our heads. At noontime, after we had eaten our dinners, we all went out to have some sport. I was a great jumper, and, I am sorry to say, a great boaster.

I boasted and bragged that I could jump from a higher place than any of the other boys. There was a ladder which had been left leaning against the end of the schoolhouse. I climbed up that ladder and said I was going to jump off. Some of the boys waved their hats at me as I stood there. Then I took the jump. Down, down, down I went into the soft, light snow. I tried to get up, but only fell back again. I screamed, but the snow got into my throat and choked my voice. I thought I never could get out.

(Jack and the Beanstalk, 4.)





If I had been left alone I probably never should have been able to do so. After what seemed to me a long, long time, I heard a voice shouting, "I'm coming, Tommy, I'm coming; don't be frightened." It was the school-master. He pulled me out of the big drift into which I had fallen and carried me into the school-room. I had really been in the drift but a few moments when I went down,

down, down, out of sight, and did not come up again. The other boys had run for the master as fast as they could go. They all helped take off my coat and mittens and rubber boots, for I could hardly move. I was more frightened than hurt. Indeed, I was not hurt at all; but when the master put me in his big chair in front of the fire, I felt strangely tired. I had never felt just that way in all my life. My head dropped over on one side, and in a moment I was sound asleep. I slept until the neighbor came to drive us home again. But that snow-drift did a good thing; it cured me of my habit of boasting.





A BIRD of the cuckoo family lives in certain districts of India and Africa.

It is about as big as the chaffinch, and makes its nest in the holes of the trees, and lays three or four eggs. It is called the honey guide ; it chatters as it flies, just as if it said, "Come, and I will show you where the wild bees have stored their honey, and we will share it together."

Now and then it stops and alights upon a tree, to look back and make sure that it is followed. When it reaches the bees' nest it points its bill towards it, still chattering. It has been known to attack a hive alone, when it is hungry ; and sometimes the bees sting it to death and embalm it in wax.



OLD mother Fox one evening looked  
From out her den of rocks;  
“Come here, my pretty Bushy Tail,”  
She called her little Fox.  
“You’re getting larger every day,  
You’re growing strong; I feel  
’Tis time that you should leave your play,



And should begin to steal.  
The farmer's eye is quick and keen,  
The Chicken-roosts are high ;  
The Rabbit, he is fleet of foot ;  
The Partridge, she is sly.  
If you would live upon your wits,  
You must be very sly ;  
You'll have to watch before you pounce ;  
You must be very sly."



"Yes, mother," said young Bushy Tail,  
"I know just how you feel,  
But I've begun to prowl about ;  
I've really learned to steal.  
The Rabbit runs, the Partridge flies,  
The Chicken-roosts are high,  
But I shall wait a chance to pounce ;  
I shall be very sly.  
I mean to live upon my wits ;  
I shall be very sly."

So off they both together went,  
And left their den of rocks ;  
And which one of the two was worse,  
The big or little Fox ?

# BRUCE

## *the Humane Dog*



WALTER was only two years old, and yet he could run all around the house and up and down stairs. His mamma boarded in a large hotel in Wisconsin. Walter had a very dear friend who went about with him. He took care of him, just as if he knew that Walter had no papa.

His name was Bruce. He was a great Newfoundland dog. He knew a good deal more than most dogs, and more than some people, you may think.

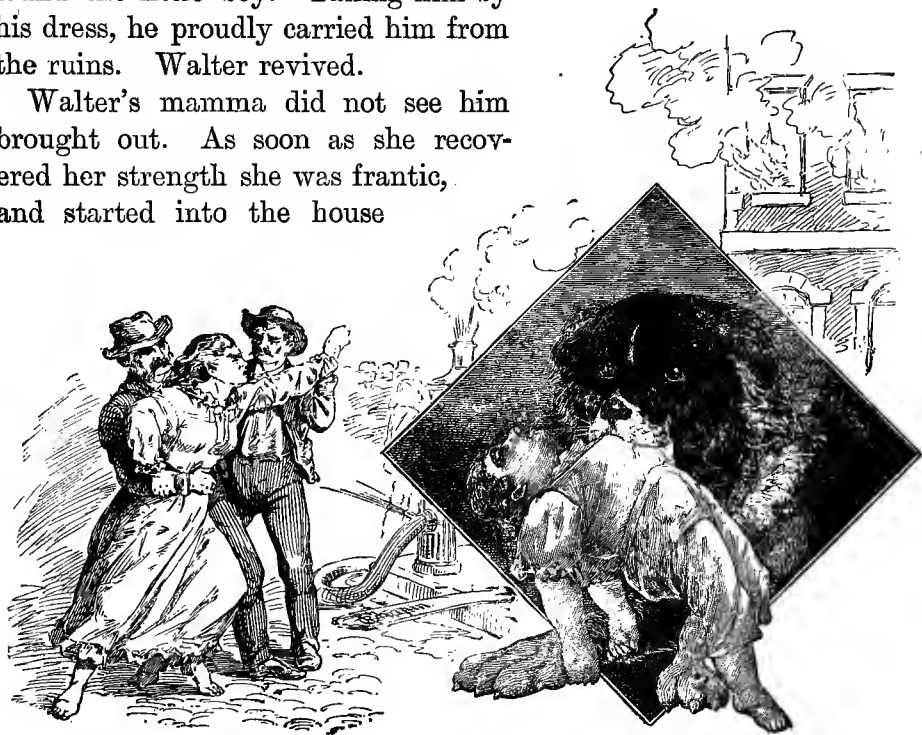
At night Bruce stayed in the room with the hostler, who, I am sorry to say, sometimes got drunk. One night the hotel got on fire, and this miserable hostler was drunk. Bruce tried to arouse him by barking at him. When this failed, he took him by the arm and jerked him out of bed. The man staggered to the door and opened it, but fell down in the hall. He would have perished in the smoke and fire if the dog had not helped him outdoors.

Bruce rushed upstairs. He pawed on the doors of the rooms and barked until all the strangers were out of the house.

Walter's mother came out into the hall. She was so frightened, and so blinded and choked with the smoke, that she fell and dropped her baby. He was so nearly suffocated that he could not cry. She staggered out into the fresh air.

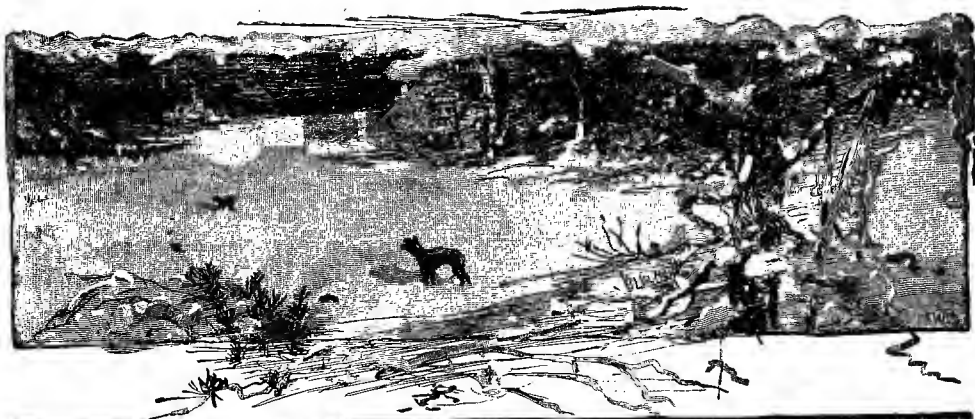
Bruce knew that she should have brought out his little master. He darted into the dark smoke, and found the little boy. Taking him by his dress, he proudly carried him from the ruins. Walter revived.

Walter's mamma did not see him brought out. As soon as she recovered her strength she was frantic, and started into the house



again. Some men caught her and held her. She screamed and made such a fuss that Bruce must have thought that there was another child to save. He again rushed upstairs into the house and never returned.

When Walter's mamma heard that he was saved, how she clasped him in her arms, and exclaimed, "Bruce has saved my baby; but where is he?" Do you think that either of them will ever forget the noble dog?



A DOG'S BOARDING-HOUSE.



## A DOG'S BOARDING-HOUSE.



LADY. kind, with tender heart,  
Determined once to take the part  
Of shabby dogs who had no home,  
And cold and hungry had to roam,  
And beg, or slyly steal a bone,  
Or else for days, perhaps have none.

She fitted up with thoughtful care,  
A disused, empty kitchen, where  
All houseless dogs could come at will,  
And find such comforts as would fill  
Their canine hearts, e'en at the sight,  
With pure and perfect dog delight.

Her little boy, kind-hearted too,  
Did everything that he could do  
To help the noble work along;  
And oft the kitchen held a throng  
Of dogs, that he had chanced to meet  
Forlorn and hungry on the street.



And soon the doggies in the place  
Began to know his kindly face,  
And often came and stood before  
His gentle mother's cottage door;  
Some of them dined and went away,  
While others stayed both night and day.



### PAYING THE PRICE.

"O MAMMA, you hurt me, you really do hurt me!" cried little Laura Booth, as she stood at her mother's knee, while Mrs. Booth was combing her tangled curls.

"I am as gentle as I can be," replied Mrs. Booth; "but you have been romping in the hay-loft. Your hair is full of little bits of seed and grass-heads. You must have rolled in the hay."

"Yes, I did," said Laura.

"Did you enjoy it? Was it fun to roll in the hay?"

"Oh, yes," answered Laura. "It was great fun."

"Well, now you must pay the price," said Mrs. Booth, as she patiently combed and smoothed the ruffled, tousy head, and picked from out the yellow curls the troublesome bits of hay.

"Pay the price?" repeated Laura, "why, mamma, it does not cost anything to roll in the hay."

Mrs. Booth laughed as she said, "Perhaps you think '*paying the price*' always means spending money."

"Of course, I thought so. Does it mean anything else?" asked Laura.

"Certainly it does," said Mrs. Booth. "Everything has a price, even if money will not buy it."

Laura was really interested, and her mamma went on talking to her for sometime; for the curls were in a very bad state.

"Some things have to be paid for in courage," said Mrs. Booth, "some in perseverance, and some in patience, some in hard work, some in pain. You had the *fun* of rolling in the hay; the price you have to pay is the pain you feel when I cannot help pulling your hair to get the hay out."

"Oh," said Laura, slowly, "I think I understand." She was very quiet for several moments. She gave no sharp cries when the tangles were so hard to comb that pulling and some twitching could not be helped. At last she said, "Mamma, seems to me *you* have to 'pay the price' in patience, and you had no fun."

Mrs. Booth had to lay down her comb and laugh. There was something so funny in the way Laura spoke. Then she said, "Mamma is very glad to pay part of the price for the sake of her little girl's pleasure. Besides, there is for almost everything a reward as well as a price, and you have given me my reward."

Laura smiled up in her mamma's face; she did not quite understand.

"My reward is this," explained Mrs. Booth. "When I began to comb your hair you cried out at every pull. Before I was through, you bore the pain patiently and bravely."

"Oh," said Laura, with a little laugh. Then she hugged her mamma, and danced off to put up the comb and brush.

The idea of "paying the price," and yet not in money, was quite a new one to little Laura. She kept thinking of it all day, and, as often



happens when we hear something new, she heard it again the very same day. The way she heard it was quite unexpected and interesting.

When she went home from school in the afternoon, her father called her into the dining-room. He was sitting in a rocking-chair holding a box in his hands. Laura's sister was standing by the chair. Mr. Booth held his hands over the box so that Laura could not see what was in it. "Guess what I have here," he said.

But before Laura could answer, from under Mr. Booth's hands there came a faint, "Peep, peep."



"Oh," cried Laura, "it is a chicken!"

Then Mr. Booth parted his hands, and sure enough, there was a young chicken.

"Why, what is the matter with his leg?" asked Laura.

"It is broken," replied her father. "I found him in the yard, and I am sure this is how it happened: The chicken was very bold and strayed away too far from the hen-coop. He wanted to see the world, to have some fun. His mother clucked to him to come back, but he would not. The next moment the horse trod on his leg and broke it. The cook saw the horse tread on him. Well, the little chicken had his fun, but he broke his leg, and it hurt when I set it, and bound it up. He had his own way, but he had to 'pay the price.'"

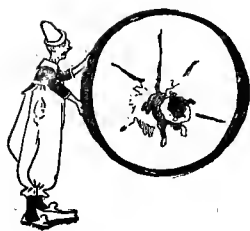
"Oh," said Laura, very, very slowly indeed.

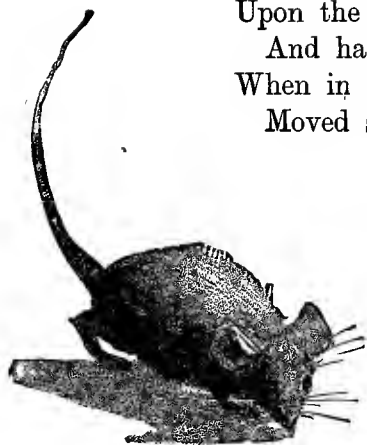




### A TERRIBLE TALE.

NE dreadful night, years, years ago,  
My careless mother Kate,  
Had gone to bed and left poor me  
To darkness and to fate.





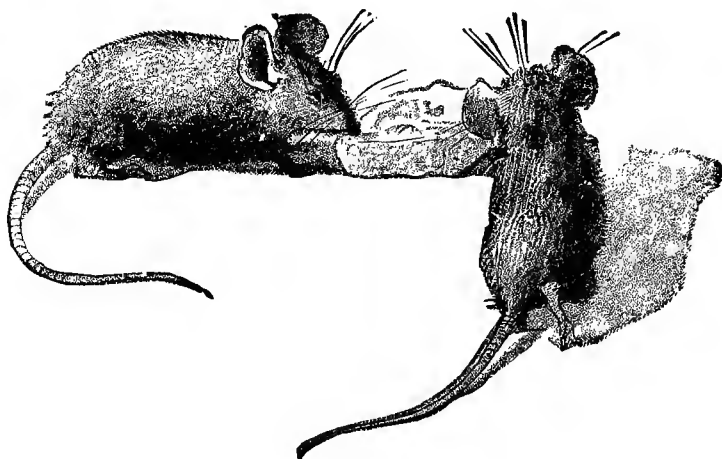
Upon the wash-stand, there I sat,  
And had not power to stir,  
When in the gloom across my hand,  
Moved something soft like fur.

I tried to move, I tried to scream,  
I was 'most dead with fright,  
When, suddenly, the moon shone forth  
And showed a horrid sight

So near I could have touched him, lo,  
A dreadful creature sat,  
A creature that I feared and loathed,  
A great, gray, ugly rat!

And soon two others joined him, for  
Quite near to me there lay  
A piece of cheese, that my mamma  
Had dropped that very day.

At first they nibbled peaceably,  
But soon they angry grew,  
And at the one that I saw first,  
The others fiercely flew.



There was a rush, a splash, a squeak!  
 'Twas worse to see than tell,  
 For in the bowl with water filled  
 That helpless creature fell.

The others quickly ran away,  
 But there! I'll draw a veil  
 Across the scene, and ne'er again  
 Will tell this fearful tale.



# PATTY-SAYINGS.

## I.

OUR Patty was making her dolly a dress;  
 She sewed on it fully five minutes, I guess.  
 Then, suddenly, "I'm in a bother," she said,  
 "Please, Mamma dear, won't you *needle my thread.*"

## A CHRISTMAS STOCKING IN MARCH.

PAPA came into the room with a smiling face. Over his left arm was his overcoat. In his right hand he held up something for grandma to see. For grandma and his eldest daughter, Louisa.

"Why, that is Totty's stocking," said grandma.

"Yes, I know it is," said papa; and then he began to laugh.

"But what are you doing with it?" asked grandma.

The old lady knew that her son, Mr. Morton, had gone into the hall to put on his overcoat. He was going down town to his office. Why should he be standing there with his little girl's red stocking in his hand?

"I found it tied to the hat-tree just under

my coat," replied Mr. Morton. "Last evening, before Totty went to bed, she was sitting in my lap, telling me all about her Christmas presents. I said to her, 'Just think, papa was away; he had no little daughter with him Christmas morning. Nobody hung

any stocking for him. Papa had a very lonesome Christmas, all alone in a big hotel. He will have to wait a long, long time before he has a Christmas stocking.' Then Totty said to me, 'But, papa, perhaps you won't have to wait a long, long time. You can have a really, truly stocking any time, and we can *make believe* it is Christmas.' I told her that was a good idea. I kissed her good-night, and she went to



bed. It seems she did not forget it, for here is my Christmas stocking in March."

Grandma and Louisa laughed. Then Louisa said, "This morning, before I was wide-awake, I saw Totty putting things into her stocking. I wonder what she has given you."

"We will soon see," said Mr. Booth, as he began taking things out of the stocking.

First there was a piece of molasses candy. The marks of five little teeth were round the edge. Papa laughed when he saw those little teeth prints.

"I would not part with that candy for anything," he said.

The next thing he took out of the stocking was a china tea-pot with a broken nose. Next was a rosebud. Not a real rosebud; it had once been on Mrs. Booth's bonnet. She had given it to Totty. Totty was very fond of it, it was such a pretty pink.

"Oh," said Mr. Booth, "Totty has given me her pet rosebud, the little darling. I will wear it in my button-hole at dinner to-night, and I will never part with that bud."

Then the last thing to be taken out was a funny china pug dog. Mr. Booth said he should use that for a paper-weight. Just as he was looking at his presents Totty came into the room. Her papa caught her up in his arms.

"Oh, you found it," she cried, "did you like it?"

"Very, very much," replied Mr. Booth, as he hugged and kissed her. "I shall always keep it, and everything in it, for it is the first time I ever had a Christmas stocking in March."



# GUESSING at Shadows...



ACROSS the room, if you will hang  
 A sheet, and draw it tight,  
 Next, at a distance from it, place  
 A lamp that's burning bright,  
 And then, between the lamp and sheet  
 Walk back and forth, you'll be  
 Surprised how plainly on the  
 sheet  
 Your shadows you will see.  
 When lamp and  
 sheet are well  
 arranged



Some pretty story choose,  
 And, for the illustrations, why,  
 Your moving shadows use.  
 The shadows do not speak, of  
 course,  
 And yet, if you act well,  
 Sometimes, without a single  
 word,  
 Their meaning we can tell.



These children in the picture here  
Are acting out a play;  
Their shadows tell us what they mean,  
Though not a word they say.  
The little girl who bows is meant  
To be a young mamma;  
And she is bowing to a knight,  
Who comes from lands afar.

This picture does not show him, but  
The lady's air of pride  
Is probably because he asks  
To take her child to ride.  
He is no faithful knight, for, oh!  
He proves a robber bold,  
Who means to steal the baby for  
Her shoulder-clasps of gold.

The mother's fears are roused; but see!  
A soldier, young and brave,  
Proceeds at once to catch the thief;  
Both child and gold he'll save!  
The mother follows, for a storm  
Has risen, and 'tis plain  
The soldier's gun cannot protect  
Her child from drenching rain.

And so the shadows tell the tale  
Until the happy end,  
When safely back the child is brought  
By that great soldier-friend.  
And we who in a darkened room  
Have sat and watched the play,  
Confess we have not had such fun  
For many and many a day.

## THE FLOWER MISSION.

It is not quite a year ago that I visited some friends who lived in a charming place not far from Boston. It was in the month of May. I remember, the first morning I was there, I got up at an hour which

seemed to me very early. I supposed that no one in the house, unless it was the maid who did the house work, would be up so early. But I was very much mistaken. As I stood at my window looking out upon the lawn, and across the road at the fields full of daisies, I saw a lady and a number of children. They were picking daisies and other flowers. As I watched them, I saw that the lady was the friend in whose house I was

staying. The children were her children.

"Well," I said to myself, "they must love flowers very much, if they get up at this hour to pick them." I finished dressing, and went down stairs. There in the cool hall, on a large table stood a clothes-basket. "A funny place for a clothes-

basket," I thought. At that moment one of the maids came into the hall, carrying a large tray. The tray was full of small bouquets of flowers.



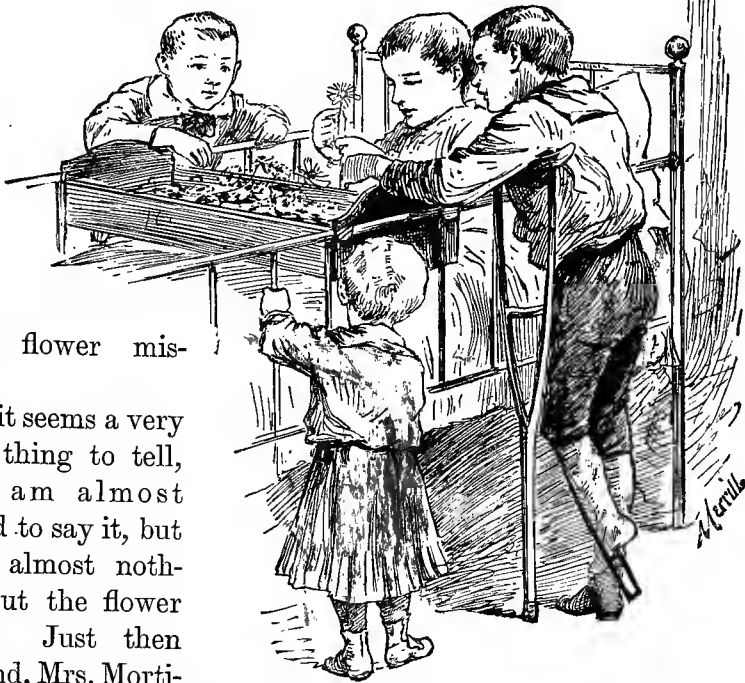
"Oh," I exclaimed, "is there to be a party here?"

"No, indeed, ma'am!" replied the bright-faced, rosy-cheeked maid; "these flowers are

for the flower mission."

Now it seems a very strange thing to tell, and I am almost ashamed to say it, but I knew almost nothing about the flower mission. Just then my friend, Mrs. Mortimer, and her children came in. Their arms were filled with huge bunches of daisies. These big bunches they laid in the bottom of the clothes-basket, and then the dainty little bouquets of bright garden flowers were placed on top.

While the lady arranged them she told me what was to be done with them. As soon as she had eaten breakfast, which was to be earlier than usual that morning, she would drive into town and take the flowers with her. They would go to a large room where a lot of ladies met to receive the flowers that people sent in from the country. Then they would be divided into separate lots, and taken to hospitals, or to sick people in their own homes, and sometimes given away to little children on the street.



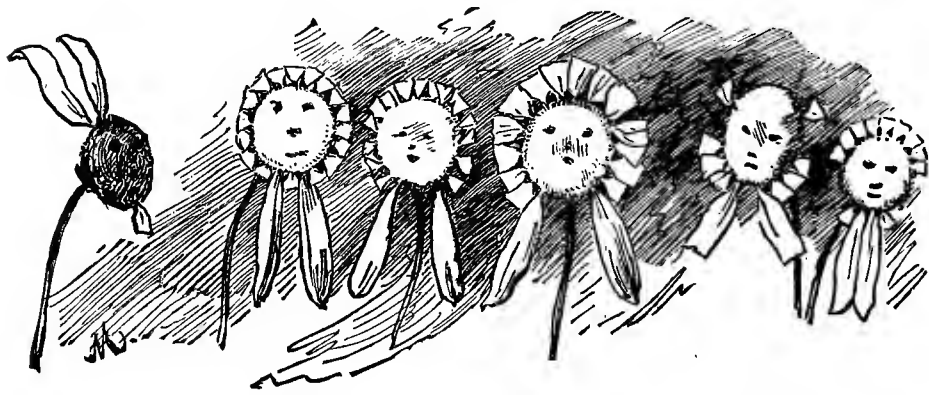
I forgot to tell you that I had arrived at Mrs. Mortimer's house quite late the night before. In the evening, after the sun had set, which is the best time to pick flowers, my friend and her children had picked the garden-flowers. Then they had tied them up into little bunches, and they had been kept in water in a cool, dark corner of the cellar.

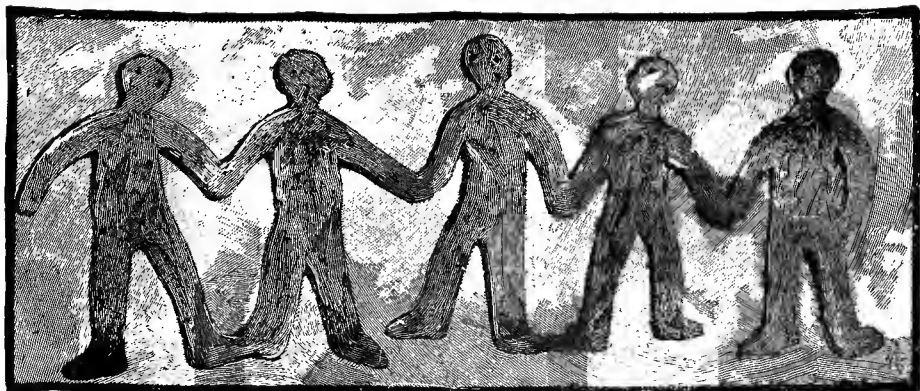
Besides taking in her basketful once a week, Mrs. Mortimer always helped the ladies tie up bunches from the loose flowers other people sent. Then she went once a week to carry the flowers to a children's hospital. She said that was the pleasantest part of it. It was such a delight to see how happy the flowers made the children. There was one lame boy who had to walk on crutches. His best friend had to stay in bed because his back was weak. The lame boy would always take his flowers, and add to those that were put in the box on the other boy's bed. The box was arranged to slide back and forth, and hold toys or books, or his tray on which his dinner was placed.

Once Mrs. Mortimer let her oldest little girl go to the hospital with her. The little girl carried some daisies with her, and showed the sick children how to make dolls out of them. She cut off the white petals so that they looked like ruffled caps. She made marks in the yellow centres with ink. These marks were for eyes, and noses and mouths.

I was so much interested in what Mrs. Mortimer told me, that I went to the flower mission myself.

Now, children, this is March; but before you know it, May, with its daisies, will be here. Can't you think of a good place to send a basketful, or, at least, a fine big bunch?





### THE COOKIE BOYS.

MAMMA made five cookie boys,  
    Standing in a row;  
With heads and eyes and hands and legs,  
    They made a splendid show.

Alice saw the cookie boys  
    Lying in the hall;  
Gave each one a gentle kiss  
    And then—*she ate them all!*





### LITTLE MISS SHY.

Oh, little Miss Shy, oh, little Miss Shy,  
I really wish you would tell me why  
You stand in the door, and won't come near  
When surely you know there is naught to fear.

I love little girls ; I love them so well,  
That pretty stories I often tell  
To children who like to make friends with me,  
Who climb on my lap, and who sit on my knee.

Perhaps you are thinking you'll change your mind,  
And pretty soon round my neck I'll find  
Two plump little arms, which hold me tight,—  
Ah, yes, here she comes!—I'm glad I was right.

## SLY FLOSSY FRIZZLE.

FLOSSY FRIZZLE was a beautiful creature. So gentle, so sweet, so good-tempered was she, that to look at her no one would ever suppose she could do anything that was not kind and good and honest. Yet Flossie could, and often did, play very mean tricks upon her kind friends. But I have not told you who Flossy was. Indeed, you may



think she was a little girl, so I must tell you that she was a kitten. A very beautiful, but a very, very little kitten.

She was an Angora kitten, and, like all the real Angoras, was quite deaf. Sometimes I think it was because she was deaf, that people forgave her faults so often. Every one was sorry for her, and, to tell the truth, every one loved her, for she was like the little girl the poet tells about,



“When she was good,  
She was very, very good;  
But when she was bad,  
She was horrid.”

Now the person who suffered more than any one else from Flossy's naughty ways was Mary Ann, the cook, and no one was so patient with her. Flossy liked to sit in the kitchen-window. The window-seat was broad; it was a sunny corner, and Flossy found it very comfortable. There she would sit, and seem to be asleep, but she would be watching Mary Ann out of the corner of her eye very slyly.

Sometimes Mary Ann would look up and say, “Flossy, are you planning mischief, when you are quiet so long? I always expect something is going to happen.” And Flossy, though she couldn't hear, always seemed to know that Mary Ann had spoken to her. She would sit up very straight, and put her head on one side, and look at Mary Ann as if she were saying, “Why, how can you think such hard things of me? Don't you see how quiet and good I am?”

One morning Mary Ann was busy making pies. There was to be some kind of a party in the town hall, and everybody was going to send something for the supper. Now the lady with whom Mary Ann lived had promised to send some pies. They were not common pies at all, but something quite remarkable; a kind that Mary Ann could make better than any one else in the town. Mary Ann was very proud that she had been asked to make them, and she meant that they should be the very best any one had ever tasted.

A great many delicious things went into these wonderful pies. After the crust was baked the top of them was covered with eggs all beaten up white and frothy, with bits of red jelly sparkling over it.

Mary Ann spent a great deal of time over the ones she was making for the town-hall party. She was so busy she forgot Miss Flossy who sat in the window slyly watching her. After a while Mary Ann had to leave the room for something. She was gone much longer than she had thought she would be. When she came back what had happened? Sly Flossy Frizzle had eaten the top off from three of the pies, and almost every bit of the fourth one. Do you wonder that I call her Sly Flossy Frizzle?



Mary Ann almost lost her temper. She flew at Flossy with her hand raised. She was going to box pussy's ears. But what do you think Flossy did? Almost any cat would have jumped off the table and run away. Not so Flossy. She looked up at Mary Ann with such an air of surprise. She looked so gentle, so sweet, just as if she were saying: "Why, Mary Ann, have I made a mistake? I thought you were making these nice pies for me. I am really very sorry I have eaten them."

Then Mary Ann's hand fell to her side. "It's no use," she said, "I haven't the heart to box

those poor deaf ears." All she did was to open the kitchen door, as she cried, "There, be off with you." And then patient Mary Ann went to work and made four more wonderful pies. You may be sure she did not leave them where Sly Flossy Frizzle could get at them.





“I DID.”

IN the first place Winnie said the kitten was to blame for breaking her mother's fruit-basket. It was a handsome basket, and mamma thought more of it because papa gave it to her on her last birthday.

And she said it over so many times, that she had about succeeded in making herself believe it was so, too.

It is a curious fact, I will admit, but we can keep saying a thing over and over, until we come to think it really is so, and there all the time we have been deceiving ourselves. Did you ever do so when you were at play?

I will tell you about Winnie, and then you will understand what I mean.

Mamma had gone over to the Orphan's Home, and Winnie and the kitten were having a nice time together.

The kitten liked to push the oranges and apples out of the basket on to the table, and then knock them on to the floor with her handy little right paw, or run around to the farther side playing hide-and-seek with Winnie. When mamma told her little girl to be careful, she had a fashion of saying, "O mamma! Kitty wouldn't break your birthday present any quicker than I would, not a bit."

"You'd better take care," said Mollie, that morning mamma had gone away. "Next thing you know, that birthday present will be lying in pieces on my kitchen floor. You're not allowed out here with your kitten, and you know it. You're just taking advantage of your mother's being away."

And Mollie had no more than spoken the words when the basket and fruit came rolling together on to the floor, and the kitten was scampering off, leaving Winnie alone with this mischief.

Mollie was not comforting when she saw what had hap-



pened, for all she said was, "Just what I knew would come to pass."

"Pick up the pieces," she commanded; "I can't have them under foot," and she made Winnie feel a great deal worse by declaring that she knew just how it would end, now that it had ended.

"Why didn't you send us away then?" she wanted to know. To which Mollie had no reply to make. But all the time Winnie was picking up the pieces, and gathering up the fruit, she kept saying, "The kitten was to blame; she knew better than to poke her head over the top of the basket to see me, and then push hard against it."

"You know I wouldn't do it," she told mamma the minute she got back, "I shall never play with the kitten any more, never; and to think of her running off; she knew she was to blame."

Winnie climbed into her mother's lap and cuddled down in her arms. She had made herself believe that the kitten was to blame. But just then Mollie came in, and after she had told how it all happened, "Who took advantage of my being away, you or the kitten?" said mamma. Winnie said, "I did; of course."





## MARY LOUISE AND HER WONDERFUL KEY.

A WONDERFUL key has Mary Louise,  
Which she carries wherever she goes;  
Abroad or at home, wherever she is,  
Or whether with friends or with foes.

Whatever she wants or whatever she asks,  
She uses her wonderful key,  
Which often will open when everything else  
Would certainly fail, do you see?

Now Harry was one of the very worst boys,  
Who lived within many a mile;  
And one of his pranks was to tease all the girls,  
Who tried to pass over the stile.

So one day he planted himself on the bridge,  
And, with insolent air, he declared  
Not one little girl should go over that way,  
And, just let her try, if she dared!

The first who came by was poor little Rose,  
Who ran herself quite out of breath,



And when she looked up and saw Harry's big stick,  
She shook, as if frightened to death.

Then with sobbing and frowning she hastened across  
While Harry laughed loud in his glee.  
For he had accomplished just what he desired  
And made Rosa angry, you see.

The next who came by was little Mary Louise,  
And lo! what a marvellous sight!  
Not only bold Harry allowed her to pass—  
But he was extremely polite.



For Mary Louise used her wonderful key  
As Harry defiantly stood,  
And over she walked with a smile and a bow  
Which changed his bold, insolent mood.

And what do you think was the wonderful key  
Belonging to Mary Louise,  
Why, just the same words that you always can say,  
The magical words, "*If you please.*"



## THE DUST-PAN CARRIAGE.

“**N**OW be good children and I will take you to call on Mrs. Morrison. Mrs. Morrison is hanging on her gate across the street. I think she expects us,” so said little Laura Thompson to her two dolls,—I mean her two children, one bright April morning.

The *children* were named Sofonisba and Henrietta Maria. Their mamma thought their names were beautiful. Laura had dressed her children in their very best clothes. Sofonisba had a new straw hat with a lovely pink ribbon round the crown. Henrietta Maria

wore a beautiful new bonnet of light-blue silk. She also had a new collar, which had two long points in front. Laura looked at both her children with much pleasure. They certainly were very lovely.

“Now,” she said, “I will put you in your carriage.” Then she stopped with an expression of trouble on her face. “O dear,” she almost cried, “I am ashamed to take you in your horrid dust-pan of a carriage. I am afraid Mrs. Morrison will laugh at me.”

I don’t know what the children thought of this remark made by their mother. They were very respectful children, and made no rude comments, but I cannot help thinking



that they would have liked to say something like this:

"Why, mamma, dear, we enjoy ourselves very much in our dust-pan carriage. I don't believe Mrs. Morrison will care what it looks like."

It seemed as if Laura in some way understood what the dolls would have liked to say. At any rate, she at once put them into their dust-pan carriage, and dragged them across the street to where "Mrs. Morrison" stood waiting. Mrs. Morrison was really little Clara Morrison. When the two little girls called on each other with their *children*, they always spoke as if they were married women. As Laura reached the gate Clara stood waiting for her in a very polite manner.

"Good-morning, my dear Mrs. Thompson," said Clara, as she shook hands with Laura, "I am delighted to see you and your children. How lovely they are; and oh, what a beautiful carriage! A new kind of Victoria, isn't it?" Then she laughed, as she cried, "I think it's fine; come into the house and I'll ask mother to let me have one too."



Off the children ran, so happy that their feet flew over the ground. Indeed Sofonisba and Henrietta Maria were quite out of breath when they reached the front door-steps of "Mrs. Morrison's" house.

That night Laura told her father everything she had done during the day. She told about the queer feeling she had when she thought the dust-pan carriage would make Mrs. Morrison laugh. "It was so funny, papa," she said, "just as if I were ashamed, and there wasn't anything to be ashamed of."

"Well, *did* Mrs. Morrison laugh at you?" asked Laura's father.

"Oh, no, indeed," said Laura, "she admired the carriage, and said she must have one like it for her children."

"I think," said her father, as he held his little girl on his shoulder, "your friend, Mrs. Morrison, must be a perfect lady."



SOPHIA'S DARING RIDE.

UPON the fence Sophia stood,  
Her pet young calf to feed,



Yet what she did, 'tis strange to say,  
She did not seem to heed.

Some new idea had come to her,  
For suddenly she cried :  
“I wonder why to ride this calf  
I've never even tried.”

And then, before the gentle boss  
Had even time to think,  
She'd climbed the fence, was on his back,  
All, quicker than a wink.

The boss, thus taken by surprise,  
Dashed wildly to and fro ;

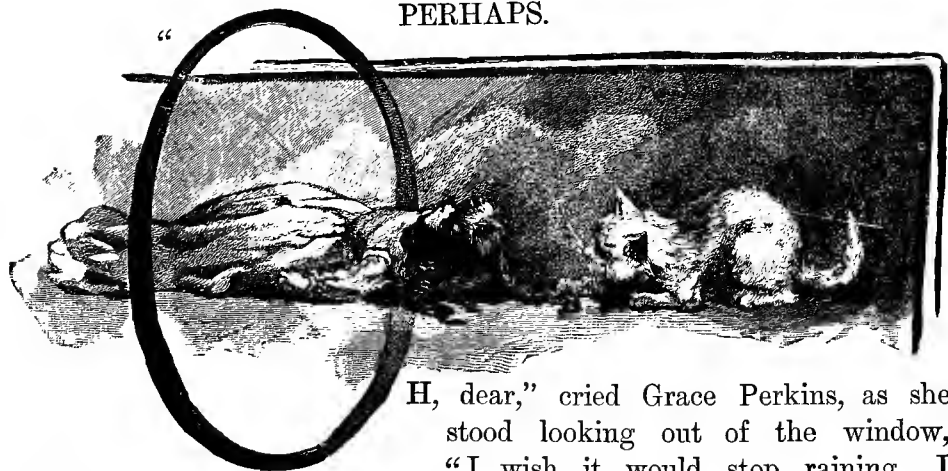
Sophia held him round the neck,  
And never once let go.

Her father in the hay-field stood,  
And laughed with all his might;  
For never in his life had he  
Beheld just such a sight.

At last the boss in terror rushed  
Within the barn's wide door,  
And Sophy, having had her sport,  
Slipped gently to the floor.



PERHAPS.



“H, dear,” cried Grace Perkins, as she stood looking out of the window,  
“I wish it would stop raining. I want to go out and roll my new hoop.”

“What have you done with Araminta Morency?” asked grandmother.  
“I have not seen her in your arms to-day.”

Araminta Morency was Grace's doll, her most beautiful doll. Grace was very fond of her, but the night before Mr. Perkins had brought a new hoop home to his little girl, and she was so eager to roll it that she had really forgotten to play with her doll. She suddenly remembered that Araminta had been thrown down in a hurry, but where she could not think.

She ran down-stairs and discovered poor Araminta on the library floor. At the instant when Grace entered the room something dreadful was happening.

Flora Fluff-down, grandma's pet kitten, was amusing herself by playing with Araminta's beautiful, long, golden curls. Even kittens seem sometimes to know when they are naughty. As Grace entered the room, Flora Fluff-down looked up quickly with an expression on her face as if she were saying: "I know I have no business to do it; but it is such fun, I must pull it once more." And before Grace could reach the helpless Araminta, Flora Fluff-down made another grab at the beautiful golden wig, and pulled off a long, shining curl.

Grace made a rush for the kitten, and the kitten made a rush for the opposite door, the golden curl still clinging to her claws. After her



flew Grace. Up the back-stairs, down the front, through the hall, and at last Flora Fluff-down was caught under the parlor sofa. The curl — the beautiful, shining, golden curl was wound in and out of her claws. Indeed it had really kept her from running any more. It took Grace a long time to unwind it, and then it was in a very snarled and tangled state. Grace boxed Flora Fluff-down's ears. Then she went into the library, and, picking up Araminta, walked with her in her arms, slowly and sadly, up to Grandma Perkins's room.

"See what your kitten has done," she sobbed, "your horrid white kitten."

"Oh!" said grandma, as she took Araminta on her knee, "did my kitten do that? I am very, very sorry; I will do all I can to repair the mischief."

Then she took the tangled curl and smoothed it carefully. Fortunately, the piece of kid to which the hair was fastened was still left, and grandma glued it on so carefully that one would hardly know it had ever been off.

When Araminta's head was in nice order again, grandma said very quietly, "*Perhaps* if Araminta had not been thrown down on the library floor, Flora Fluff-down would not have had the chance to pull her hair."

"Oh, you dear grandma!" cried Grace, as she threw her arms round Mrs. Perkins's neck, "thank you for not saying that before you made things all right again."

Grandma laughed as she said, "*Perhaps* if it had not rained this morning, you would have been out with your hoop, and by this time poor, neglected Araminta might not have had a hair on her head."

Then grandma and Grace both laughed.





### A STRANGE MONKEY.

WHAT have we here?  
How very queer!  
A monkey can it be?  
But such a monkey in my life  
I ne'er before did see.

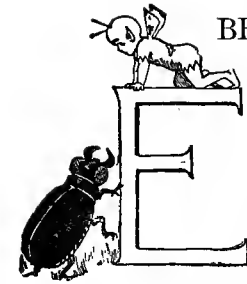
Oh, dear, dear, dear,  
I sadly fear  
That something has gone wrong;  
'Tis Charlie fastened to a chain  
That's stout, and strong, and long



It seems that he  
 Can naughty be;  
 From home he sometimes strays;  
 And so papa has tried this plan  
 To cure him of his ways.

To wear a chain  
 Must give him pain —  
 I see it in his eyes;  
 But 'twill be taken off when he  
 Is ready to be wise.

### BROTHER RICHARD'S TREASURE.



ETHEL BARTLETT was feeling very unhappy one morning in April. April is the month when the year seems to shed the most of her tears, and Ethel seemed to be helping her.

What was the cause of all this misery? Only this. Her brother, her big, dear brother, almost old enough to be her father, was going away and would not come back for a year. I don't think I should quite like to say "only this" to Ethel. She thought no one in the whole world could ever have a greater reason for unhappiness than she had.

It was hard, for no little girl ever had a kinder "big brother" than Ethel had in Richard Bartlett. His first thought



seemed to be to give his little sister pleasure. She used to ride with him; he on his great bay horse, and she on her Shetland pony. He had taught her to row, so that even now, young as she was, she could handle an oar finely. Then he read books to her, told her stories, took delightful long walks in the woods with her, in fact, Ethel could not remember a time when brother Richard and she were not spending part of each day together in some delightful way. And now he was gone. Gone out to Colorado to stay for a year. Richard had told her she must be a brave little girl and get along without him. If she tried to do so, the year would pass before she knew it. Ethel was thinking of his words the morning after he left. It seemed a very queer thing to her, that being cheerful and patient, as brother Richard had said, could have anything to do with being brave. She began to be quite interested thinking how that could be. "At any rate," she said to herself, "if he said so, it must be so, and I am going to try it."

She kept her word, and tried not to be unhappy herself, or to make other people unhappy by wearing a long face.

She found it a great help to write letters to Richard, write them in the way he had planned for, a little each day, telling of all the things that would interest him. "And don't forget," he had said, "that I do like bright, cheerful letters."

At last the weeks passed, at first slowly, then quicker and quicker, and then they began to go slowly again. They seemed to go slowly because the time was not far off when Richard, dear brother Richard, would be home again. Ethel could hardly restrain her happiness. She received a letter from him two days before he was to arrive, in which he told her he should bring her a great surprise. "I have found a treasure, here in Colorado," he wrote, "which I shall take with me to Massachusetts. A 'treasure' which I am sure my little sister will welcome."

What this "treasure" could be Ethel could not imagine, and none of the older people would betray Richard's secret. Ethel and her cousin Jack decided it must be some animal that Richard had caught and trained.

At last the happy day came, and Ethel's joy was complete, when, on returning home from school, she was met by her brother Richard, who had arrived several hours earlier than had been expected.



“Now come into the library,” cried Richard, “and I will present you to —”

“Oh” Ethel interrupted, “is your ‘treasure’ in the library? What a queer place for a —” But she never finished the sentence, for, as she stepped into the room, brother Richard exclaimed, “Here is my treasure, Ethel, I have brought you a sister.”

# SAYING AND DOING.



LITTLE May Harcourt lay stretched upon the floor, her head on her hand, thinking very hard.

She was thinking about a little girl named Peace, Peace Whitney. Peace was not a real live little girl, she belonged in a story-book. May's mamma had been reading the story aloud that morning. May had enjoyed it very much; so much that, instead of running out-of-doors to play after the reading was over, she had stretched herself out on the floor to think about Peace Whitney.

The story told of the lovely disposition of Peace; how she was always bright and cheerful and obliging, and always seemed to care more about doing nice things for other people than she did about having nice things done for herself. This Peace seemed to be especially kind and loving to her little brother, the little brother in the story-book.

Now May had a little brother, and sometimes it happened that May was not quite as kind to him as she might be. *Sometimes* if he wanted to play with her doll, or her doll's carriage, May did not let him. And sometimes if he got hold of one of her best picture-books and crumpled the leaves with his fat little fingers, fingers which were not always clean, — well, we will not say what *sometimes* happened. But the little girl in the story-book was such a lovely child that May decided she would be just like her. It sounded very easy indeed in the book.

While May was thinking all these very good thoughts the bell for her dinner sounded through the hall. May now discovered that she



was quite hungry. She ran down-stairs, and forgot all about Peace Whitney. After luncheon her nurse put on May's coat and bonnet, and she started out for a walk.

"Can't I go with you," said a little voice behind her?

It was her little brother Ralph who was speaking to her. At first May was going to say no, Ralph walked so slowly, walking with him was sometimes very stupid. But she thought of Peace Whitney, and immediately answered, "Oh, certainly, dear, I should be happy to have you."

Peace almost always said, "Certainly, dear, I shall be happy to," when any one asked her to do anything.

May felt she was growing exactly like her. It was really very easy.

The two children started for a walk in the large garden. May had her doll in her carriage. Ralph carried his dear beloved Punch. May could not bear Punch. He was old and shabby, and far from clean. Her own doll was a beautiful creature, who always wore fine clothes. As the brother and sister walked along, May feeling very well pleased with herself, she suddenly looked down into the baby-carriage. There

beside her own beautiful Florabella Flimsy lay that dreadful Punch, his grimy face pressed closed to Florabella's rosy cheek, his soiled and shabby jacket rubbing against that lovely being's scarletsat in coat. In an instant May had twitched poor Punch from his comfortable position, as she said :

"Ralph Harcourt, how did you dare! your horrid dirty Punch against sweet —" Then she stopped suddenly. Poor little Ralph stood with his thumb in his mouth. For a moment he was silent, then he said slowly :

"I thought Punchy might like a ride, too; poor Punchy never gets a ride. I love Punchy just as much as you loves Florrybelly."

He was not angry. It really would have been easier for May if he had been. But the little fellow seemed so sad.

May stood a moment with Punch in her hand, dangling by one arm. What happened next? Well, all I can say is, that as I looked out of the window I saw two happy-looking children walking down the path with a doll's carriage. In the carriage was Miss Florabella Flimsy, and *at her feet* rode Mr. Punch.



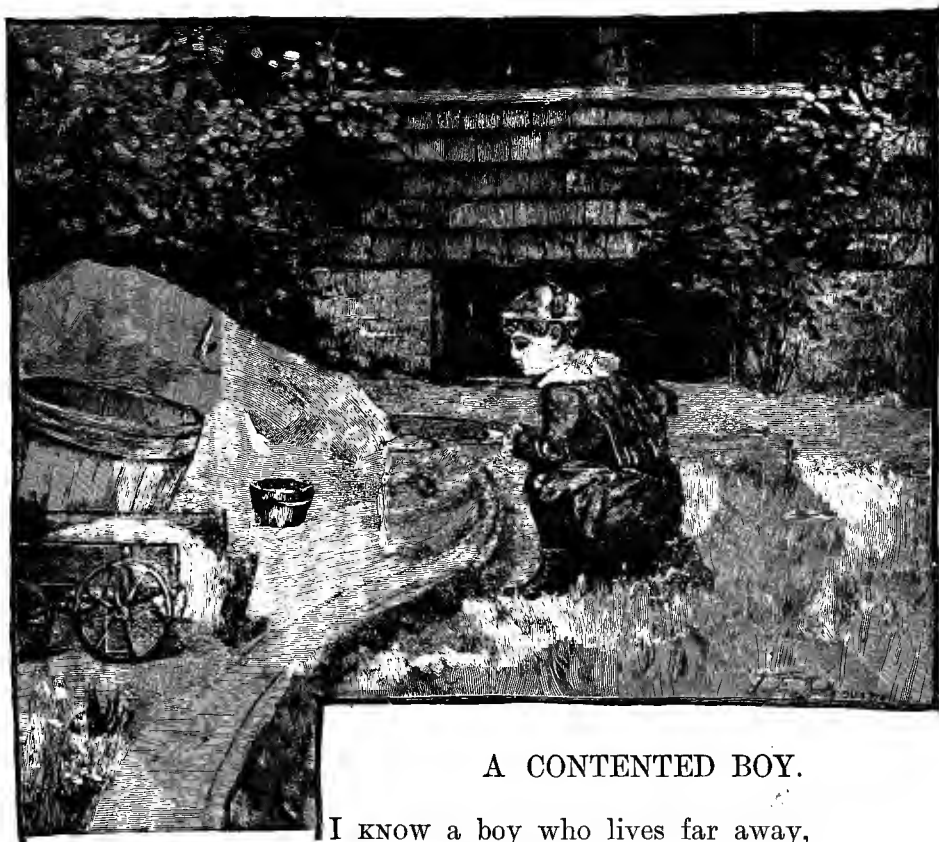


## LITTLE PITCHERS.

THE pitcher-plant is a curious growth. You will find it in damp places. The footstalk of the leaf is folded together at its edges, and forms a tube, while the blade of the leaf makes what is called the lid, and in many of those plants leans over the opening of the tube.

Sometimes the plant is veined with purple, and has a purple blossom. Sometimes it is yellow spotted with white, and has yellow flowers. Within the mouth of this pitcher a little moth in the larva state (that is, before it has wings) makes its tiny web and feeds upon the plant.

One which grows in the tropics has a deep red pitcher, and another is dark green spotted with red. These all contain water, in which many insects are found. I have called them little pitchers; but there is one found in Florida which is two to three feet long.



### A CONTENTED BOY.

I KNOW a boy who lives far away,  
No other child does he see all day,  
Yet 'twere hard to find a better sight  
Than this boy, happy from morn till night.

Amusement he always finds at hand,  
For hours he'll play in a heap of sand,  
And you never will hear him fret and say,  
"There's nothing for me to do to-day."

In rainy weather he'll stay indoors,  
And build himself on the nursery floor—  
Oh! such castles, so wonderfully high,  
It seems as if soon they would reach the sky.



His blocks,—they are nothing but empty spools,  
Not changed in shape by ingenious tools,



And they give him as much  
delight and joy  
As if each were a wonder-  
ful, costly toy.

Sometimes he fancies they  
each have wings,  
And fly like wonderful fairy  
things ;  
But I never could tell you half  
the ways  
He uses these spools in his  
games and plays.

But this I know, that I mean  
to strive  
And copy, *myself*, this boy of  
five,

To contentedly take what falls to my lot,  
And not always be sighing for what I have not.



## HOW KAISER CURED HIMSELF.

"KAISER," the cat, came limping home one morning. The children saw that one of his paws had been badly hurt.

"He must have been caught in a trap," said Ben.

"No, I think some bad dog has bitten him," added Alice.

Poor Kaiser looked sad, but could only say "Mi-ew" to all their questions. His foot was very sore, and did not get well as quickly as it should. He could hardly move, and refused to eat even the nice warm milk Alice gave to him.

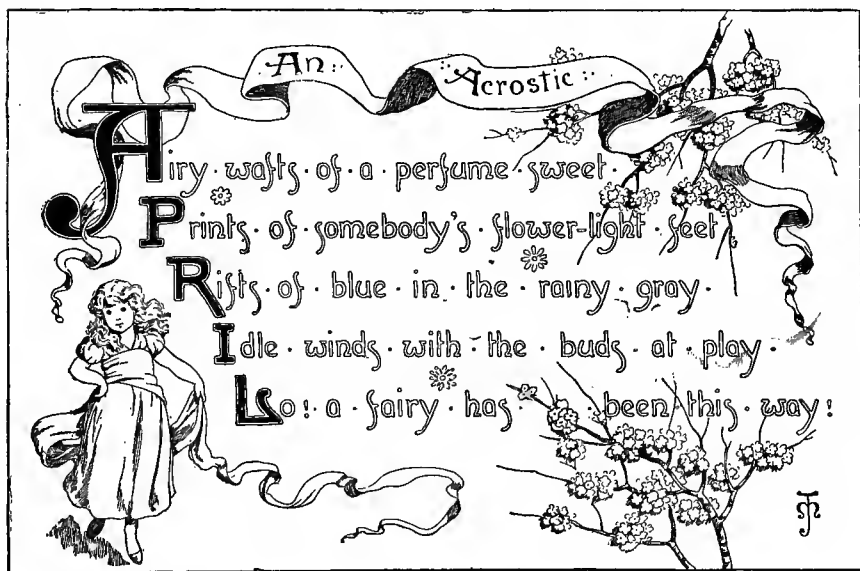
"I don't think he will ever get well, if he stays under the stove so much," said mamma.

But Kaiser liked the heat, and would not go out-doors. He grew very sick, and papa said, "He must be taken away."

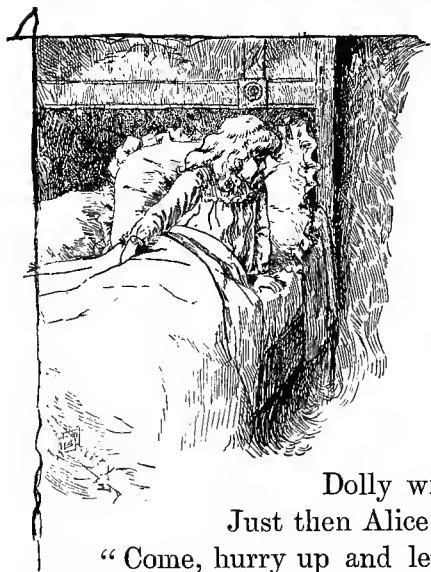
One morning, as Alice opened her eyes, she heard his voice, saying, "Well, John, have you brought the bag, and did you put a stone in it?"

Alice jumped up quickly, ran downstairs in her bare feet, calling, "Papa! Papa! don't take Ki away in a bag." She saw her darling pet under the stove; but there was John in the shed, with a bag in which to put poor Kaiser. "Do let him live a little while longer; he will get better," cried she.

Kaiser came out from his resting-place, went into the shed, looked at papa and John, smelt of the bag, and walked slowly out into the garden. He at once began to dig a hole in the ground, and after it was big enough laid himself down in it. Then he scratched the dirt up all around him. He had made a nice, cool nest. The brown earth was a good medicine for his swollen leg. The wise cat knew how to cure himself. So Kaiser did not go in the bag, but lived to a good old age.



## THE RUNAWAY PENNY.



DOLLY set up straight in bed one morning. She looked around the room, and found she was all alone.

"Why, I do declare," she said; "there's a penny, right down on the carpet. Looks as though some one had put it there just for me."

"Maybe it dropped out of papa's pocket, though."

"I guess I'll pick it up and look at it anyway."

It was a bright, new penny, and

Dolly wished that it was hers to keep.

Just then Alice came in.

"Come, hurry up and let me dress you, Dolly. Breakfast is almost ready."

"O Alice, I just found this bright penny on the floor. Do you s'pose papa put it there for me?"

"Perhaps so, little sister; but we will go and ask him."

Papa didn't remember putting it on the floor, but he thought it must be a runaway penny, and got there itself.

"And now, Miss Chatterbox, what will you do with it?"

"I don't know quite yet, papa; I'll tell you to-night."

"But then it will be gone, and I cannot take it back."

Dolly knew by the look in papa's eyes that he did not want it back. So she kissed him good-by, and went out to play.

Dolly thought she would put the penny in her money-box by and by, but it was so bright she wanted to look at it a little while.

She went up to give the bunnies a cabbage-leaf, and laid her penny on a stone. While she was looking in the rabbit-pen along came the old rooster. He eyed the bright penny a moment, then picked it up and ran off with it. When Dolly turned around to find her penny it was gone. Her brown eyes opened very wide.

"Why, how funny!" she said; "guess, to be sure, it was a runaway penny, as papa called it."

She went and told Alice about it, and Alice called it a fairy penny.

Afterwards, when they went to feed the chickens, they saw half-a-dozen hens looking, in a strange, knowing way, at something on the ground.



Sure enough, it was Dolly's penny, and they wondered how it came there. Alice said she had better put it in her money-box now, to keep it from running away again.

Dolly told papa all about it that night, and he gave her some more bright pennies to put with it, "to keep that one from getting lonesome," he said.

## CHIQUITA.

"Oh, dear me!" said Frank Cathcart, "I do wish something wonderful would happen."

"What do you mean by something wonderful?" asked his mother.

"Oh, something that never happened before," replied Frank.

"It might be something horrid," said Frank's brother Jack.

"Of course I mean something nice," said Frank.

His sister Bessie said nothing. She looked at her mamma with bright, twinkling eyes. Her mother looked back at her. In Mrs. Cathcart's eyes there was the same queer twinkle. Frank and Jack both saw the look which passed between their mother and sister.

"Something is going to happen!" they cried.

"What makes you think so?" asked Mrs. Cathcart?

"Why?" said Bessie.

"Oh," cried Frank, "because you and Bessie both look 'quizzzy.'"

Mrs. Cathcart and Bessie laughed. In the Cathcart family when one of them smiled as if about a pleasant secret, the others always said, "He looks *quizzzy*," or "she looks *quizzzy*."

Suddenly in the midst of this conversation there came a loud rap at the door. At the sound Mrs. Cathcart and Bessie sprang to their feet. "Oh," cried the boys, "you look more 'quizzzy' than ever!"

"Run and open the door," said Mrs. Cathcart.

The boys ran to the front door, followed by their mother and Bessie.

They threw open the door, and there on the steps stood the expressman. Before anything could be said, Jack had darted out in great excitement, and was patting the nose of a little gray donkey, a donkey whose bridle was held by Mr. Porter.

"Where will you have the donkey put, Mrs. Cathcart?" asked Mr. Porter, the expressman.

"I have had a place fitted for him in the stable," said Mrs. Cathcart. "I —"

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried both of the boys, so excited that they interrupted her, "is this beautiful donkey ours, our own?"

"Ask Bessie," said mamma.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Bessie, glad to be able to let out her won-



derful secret at last. "Papa has sent him to us. He came all the way from Texas."

"And a nice little fellow he is," said Mr. Porter. "Now, Mrs. Cathcart, if you will please receipt for him, I'll help the boys put him in the stable."

So Mrs. Cathcart wrote her name in the expressman's book. I think

I forgot to say that this happened at night when it was quite dark. Mrs. Cathcart lighted a lantern, and then she and Bessie, as well as the boys, went out to see the new donkey put in his stable.

Frank and Jack were much surprised to find that the stable, which had been empty for years, was arranged for the donkey. Water, hay, and a good straw bed were all ready for the traveller.

"How long have you had this secret?" asked Jack.

"Oh, Bessie and I have known about Chiquita for ten days."

"Is that the donkey's name?" asked the boys. "Well, I don't wonder you looked 'quizzzy' if you kept such a queer name as that a secret."

Mrs. Cathcart and the children remained in the stable some time admiring the new pet. She was a very pretty gray donkey, and not at all frightened in her new home. She seemed as pleased with the children as they were with her.

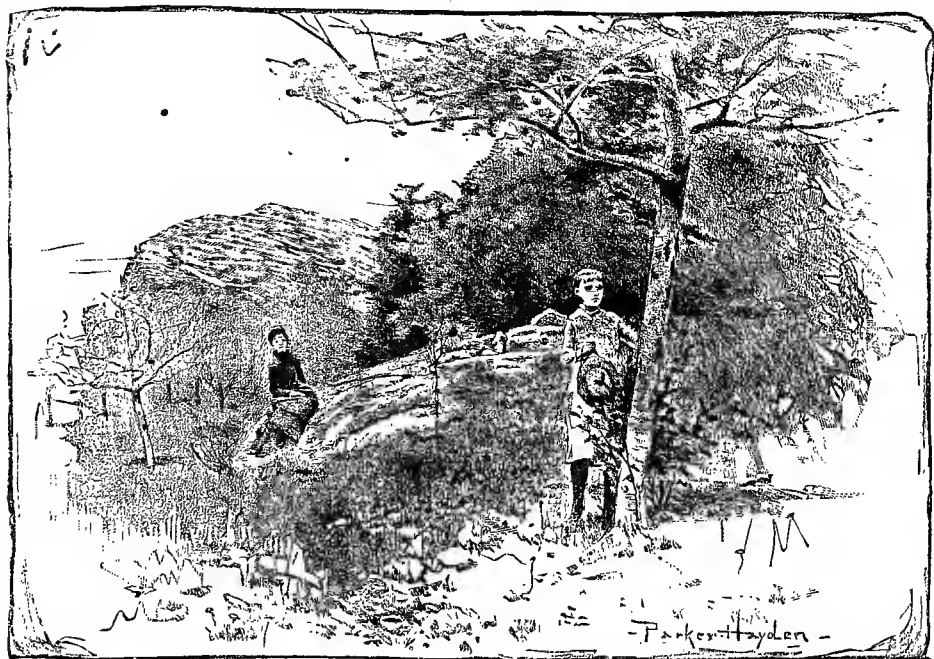
At last they left her and went into the house. Mamma taught the





boys how to pronounce the donkey's name. She wrote it on a piece of paper,—Chiquita. "It is Spanish," she said, "and means pretty little one." Then she wrote it the way it sounded when pronounced,—Chee-kee-tar.

Bessie could pronounce it easily. She had been learning to do it ever since papa's letter came ten days before. In a month Mr. Cathcart himself came home. As soon as he had had his breakfast the children took him to see their pet. The stable door stood open, and they had hardly called "Chiquita!" when she appeared. There she stood wagging her head, and staring at Mr. Cathcart as if she wanted to say, "How do you do? What is the news from Texas?"



### THE MONTH OF MAY.

Oh, for a day in the country!

Away from the crowded streets,  
And the noise, the rush, the confusion  
Which in cities one always meets.

Oh, for a day in the country!  
Begun in the early hours,  
When the air is filled with the perfume  
Of the sweet, fresh, springtime flowers.

Oh, for a day in the country!  
A beautiful, long, long day,  
When the fields are green with the mantle  
They receive from the hands of May.

### AT GRANDMA'S FARM.

HAROLD THORNTON was very homesick. It seemed to him that no little boy was ever quite so lonesome as he. Why was this? Let me tell you.

Harold's papa and mamma were going to spend the summer in Europe. Harold was to stay with his Grandmother Thornton on her farm down in Maine. When Harold first heard of the plan he was delighted. He loved grandma's farm, for it was a very large, fine one. The house was lovely, the barn big, with a great loft filled with hay. The cows were all gentle Alderneys; there were a fine pair of horses for long drives, and an old white horse which Harold could ride,—ride him without even a saddle,—and ever so many hens and geese and turkeys. Is it strange he liked to go to such a farm as that? If he loves it so much, why is he feeling so forlorn, so homesick this morning? Ah, it is because papa and mamma have gone and left him. He has never been away from them before, and this is his first morning without them. He stands by the window wishing that he, too, could go. He thinks he will go after them; he cannot bear to stay there without papa and mamma. No, not even with dear, sweet grandma.

He goes to the closet and takes out all his clothes that mamma had hung there, and puts them into his trunk. Such packing no one ever saw before. White linen blouses are thrown in with stout leather boots on top of them. But Harold does not care, he is in such a hurry to get the trunk packed, in such a hurry to be off. Everything is in at last, and he shuts the cover.

He has not stopped to think of any plans, of what he means to do, of where he will go. Suddenly he remembers that by this time papa and mamma must be on the big steamer, the big steamer which is going to carry them across the ocean. If he should take old Dobbin Grey and go after them he could not reach them. He stands still and looks out of the window. Poor little fellow, he is really very unhappy; but he is a brave little boy. He suddenly makes up his mind that



there is but one thing for him to do. He must stay and make the best of it.

He decides that he will not unpack his trunk yet, he will go out and walk round the farm. That lonesome feeling goes with him everywhere; it will not leave him. The tears come into his eyes. Now, although Harold is such a little fellow, he cannot bear that any one should see him cry. When he suddenly feels those salt tears in his eyes he runs as fast as he can to the barn. If he is going to cry, he will cry all by himself in the hay-loft where no one can see him.

Up the ladder he climbs, and the tears are now falling in spite of himself. Up he goes, and just as his head is on a line with the top of the hay, what do you think he sees? A beautiful, shiny black kitten. There she is, looking right into Harold's face as if she wants to welcome him. Harold is so surprised that he stops in astonishment. In a moment he has climbed on to the hay, and is hugging pussy close to his breast. Pussy rubs her nose against his cheeks. She seems to say, "Don't cry, Harold, you and I will be great friends." Harold under-

stands her as if she really spoke. The tears on his cheeks are soon dry; smiles take their place. That dreadful lonesome feeling soon goes. He even begins to think he is going to have a pleasant summer after all.

Soon he goes back to the house. A maid comes running to meet him. She has an envelope in her hand; a yellow envelope addressed to Mr. Harold Thornton. It is a telegram from papa. Harold feels



very proud. He never had a telegram before. This is what is in the telegram, "Both well. If you are happy we shall be. Papa."

The maid reads the telegram to Harold. He smiles brightly, and runs into the house with it to show it to grandmamma. Grandmamma puts on her spectacles and reads it also. Then she looks up at Harold and asks, "Well, are you going to be happy?"

"Yes," replied Harold bravely, "I mean to be very happy."

Then, taking his beloved new friend, the black pussy, in his arms, he goes up-stairs and unpacks his trunk. That dreadful, lonesome feeling has all gone, and I don't believe it will come back.

# The Puzzled Bird-Beast.



"Oh, dear," sighed a bat one evening, as he swung, head-downwards, from a beam in a dark corner of a



barn. "Oh, dear, I wish I knew just where I belong in this world."

"What do you mean by that?" asked a big owl who was roosting near by.

"Just what I say," replied the bat. "I have been trying to find out ever since I was born just where I belong, and —"

"Oh," interrupted the owl rather proudly, "I think I understand you

now. You don't know if you are exactly a bird, a beast, or a fish. It must be very unpleasant."

"There is no question as to the fish," answered the bat. "No one need be very wise to see I am not that."

"And of course it is also quite plain that you are not a true bird," said the owl, and he spread his wings to show their size and beauty.

"How?" said the bat; "your wings are large, but nothing compared to those of the eagle, and many other birds I could mention."

"They answer my purpose," replied the owl.

"I'd like to see you do what I am doing now," said the bat, and he swung himself back and forth, clinging by his hind toes to the beam like a gymnast hanging on to a trapeze.

"I have no desire to do so," replied the owl. "It makes me dizzy just to look at you. Besides, I think it is very undignified. Still, I am sorry for you; it must be hard not to know just what you are."

There was something in the tone of the great gray owl which made the little bat very indignant. It made him wish to stand up for himself.

"Oh," said he, "we all find fault with the way we are made sometimes, but we would not exchange places with each other for the world."

"What!" cried the owl, "wouldn't you give your eyes to be like me?"

"Indeed I would not," replied the bat, "*your* eyes are nothing to boast of. It is quite plain that you are not aware that in some ways I bear a close likeness to human beings. If you knew it perhaps you would treat me with more respect."

"You! like a human being!" scoffed the owl. "Ha! ha! ha! that is a great joke," and he almost fell off his perch with laughter.

"Perhaps you never examined the bones of my wings," replied the bat, "if you had you would see how much they are arranged like those in a man's hand. See how I can shut them up against my sides."

"That is all very well in its way," answered the owl; "but you can't take hold of things the way a man can."

"There isn't another animal in the world takes his rest this way," cried the bat, getting quite angry. And again he swung himself back and forth, back and forth, hanging by his hind feet.

"I wish you'd stop that," exclaimed the owl, "I tell you it makes me giddy."

"Let's see you do this," jeered the bat, and he folded his wings against his side like two shut-up fans, and began running along the beam as if he were a mouse.

"Ah," cried the owl, "I'll show you what I think of that," and was

just about to pounce on the bat. The bat, however, was too quick for him, and slipped into a hole.

"There are some advantages in being small," he said.

"I only meant to frighten you a bit and stop your boasting," answered the owl, as he settled himself on the beam again. "I knew the mere sound of my great wings would make you keep quiet."

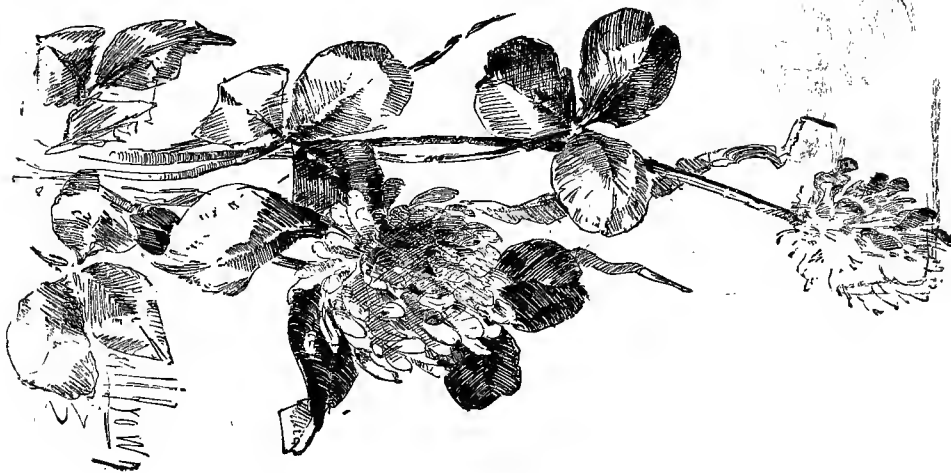
"Your great wings," replied the bat, sticking his head out of the hole, "you can't beat those of my cousins, the Kalongs."

"The Kalongs? Kalongs? I never heard of that family," replied the owl.

"I dare say not," answered the bat, "the size of a creature's head is not always a sign of great knowledge. My cousins, the Kalongs, live in Java. The spread of their wings is five feet, I would have you know, five feet!"

"Ah, indeed!" said the owl, "how you must have wished you were your cousin when that boy threw his hat at you last night," and, with this remark, the owl spread *his* wings and flew out of the barn.

"Disagreeable old thing!" muttered the bat, "all the same I am puzzled to know if I am a bird or a beast."



## MARGERY'S THOUGHTS.



EAR, dear, what a pity, I've nothing but  
legs,

For legs are such stupid slow things;  
Now why wasn't I made like those beautiful birds

Who are flying up there on their wings?

Now when I go home I must trudge up  
the hill,

And then I must climb the stone-wall,  
And as likely as not I shall scratch both  
my knees,

And perhaps get a terrible fall.

But then, I suppose, if God made me  
a bird

I should have to eat worms for my  
food;

And I think that I'd really like bread  
and milk best,

For I don't believe worms taste as  
good.

And then in a nest I suppose I should  
sleep,

And give up my pretty white bed,  
And, oh, for a pillow, just feathers and  
hairs

Would be all I'd have under my head.

And when in the morning I got up to bathe,

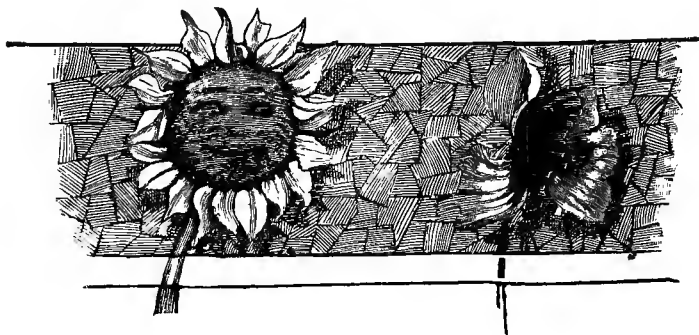
Why, what should I do for a tub?

And, what should I do for coarse towels and soap

When I needed to have a good scrub?



Well, really, I'm glad that God made me a child,  
I guess it's the best thing to be;  
And perhaps now those birds are all looking down here,  
And wishing, each one, he was me.



### MRS. SEDGWICK'S STRANGE CALLER.

MRS. MARIA SEDGWICK lived, many years ago, on a farm in a wild part of Illinois. Mrs. Sedgwick and her husband, Robert Sedgwick, and two men, who worked on the farm, all lived together. No woman could be hired to help Mrs. Sedgwick with the housework. No woman would live in such a lonely place just for money. At night the cries of wolves and other wild animals could be sometimes heard near the house. Maria Sedgwick lived there because she was happier with Robert than she would have been away from him with a dozen women to wait on her. She was busy from morning until night. She always sang at her work, and that showed she was happy.

One morning her husband told her he was obliged to go to the next town. The two men would have to go with him. The town was so many miles away that they could not get back until the next day. Mr. Sedgwick wanted his wife to go also.

"No," she said, "I had better stay home and take care of the house."

"The house will not run away if we lock it up," replied Mr. Sedgwick.



"No," said his wife; "but the Indians might come and burn it." She laughed because her husband looked so sober at her words.

"There is no real danger of that," said he, "or you know I would not leave you. But some wild animal might come and frighten you."

"If there is any danger of that," said Mrs. Sedgwick, "some one ought to be here to drive it away."

At last it was decided that Mr. Sedgwick and the men must go, and Maria did what she thought best. She remained all alone.

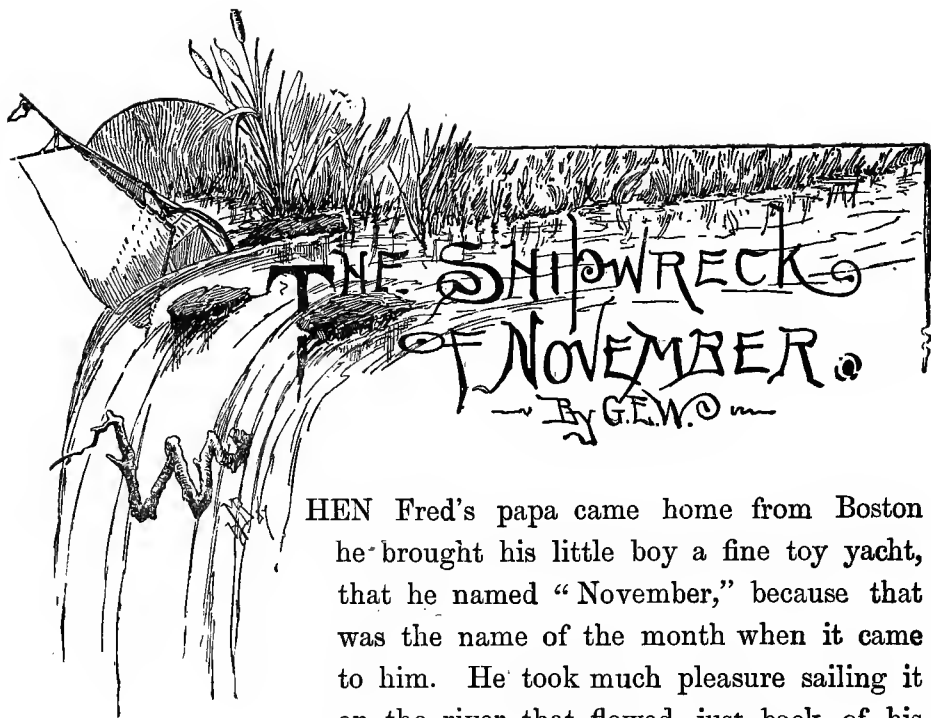
She was so busy during the day that she was not very lonely. At twilight she went out into the cow-yard to milk the cows. They all seemed nervous and excited. At last one of them kicked up her heels and ran off so wildly that Maria looked round to see what had frightened the animal. Over in a dark corner of the yard Mrs. Sedgwick

saw a dark object moving. Without stopping to think she caught up a milking-stool and threw it at the object. She heard a strange growl, and knew in a moment that the sound came from a bear. She was so frightened she could not move, yet she expected the bear would rush at her. Instead of doing that he jumped over the fence and ran away. Then Mrs. Sedgwick ran for the house as fast as she could. She did not go to bed or to sleep that night.

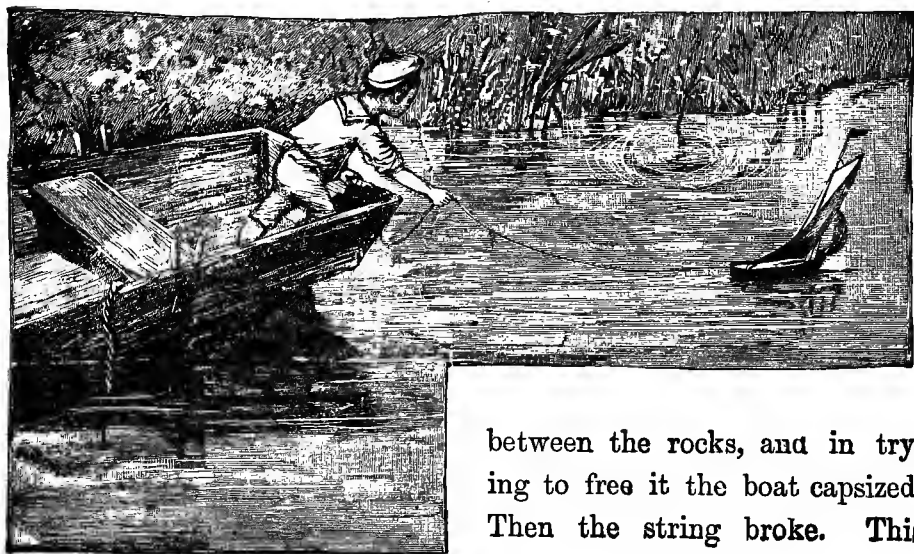
When Robert and the men came back the next morning they found the tracks of the bear, and the place where he had sat on his hind legs in the cow-yard.

Robert Sedgwick looked very grave. After dark he went out of the house, taking his gun with him. In a moment Maria heard a sharp report. She ran to the door. "Come here, Maria," called her husband, "the caller you had last evening will not trouble you again." There at Robert Sedgwick's feet lay a big, brown bear stretched out dead.





WHEN Fred's papa came home from Boston he brought his little boy a fine toy yacht, that he named "November," because that was the name of the month when it came to him. He took much pleasure sailing it on the river that flowed just back of his papa's store. Directly below this smooth water were the falls. One day the string by which Fred held his boat became fastened



between the rocks, and in trying to free it the boat capsized. Then the string broke. This

relieved the boat, and she speedily righted, gave herself a little shake,



as fast as his feet could fly over the bridge, down to the edge of the river, hoping to see some bit of his boat go by. To his great joy there lay that precious boat on the sand, thoroughly soaked but uninjured, except by well-scratched sides, and a small bit of wood broken from the stern.

set her sails to the wind, and started swiftly toward the falls.

Just at the edge of the dam she stopped for a second and then sailed proudly on, to be whirled and tossed over the cruel rocks to the still water below. Oh, what an anxious time that was! Fred ran





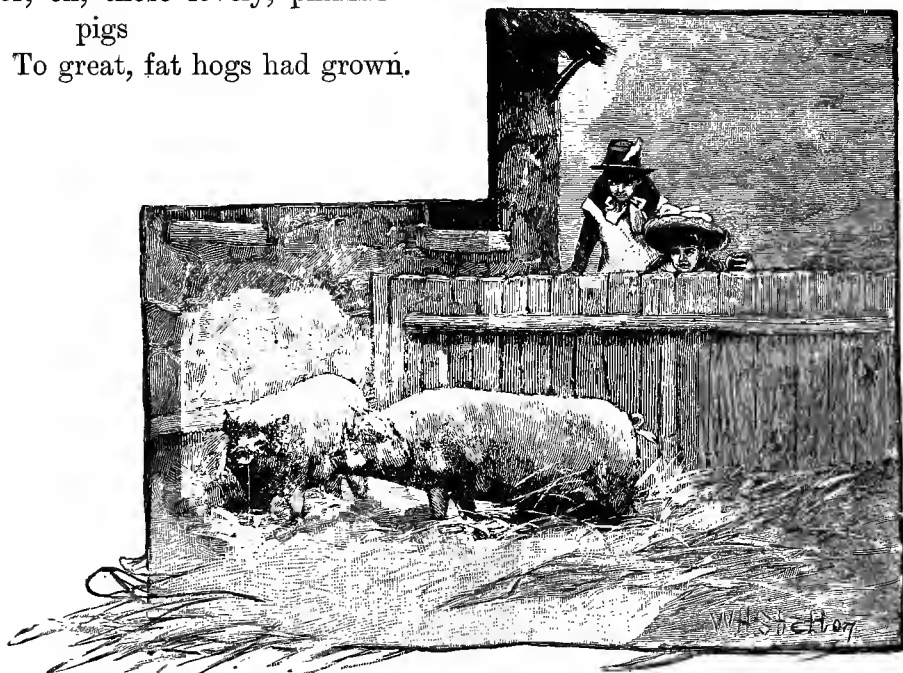
### A TERRIBLE CHANGE.

Two little baby pigs as pets,  
Had Margey and Louise ;  
They thought no sweeter, cleaner pets  
Were ever seen than these.

They played with them, they fondled them,  
They fed them morn and night,  
And when they had to leave them, why,  
They cried with all their might.

A year flew by ; back to the farm  
From town, the girls returned ;  
To see their darling pigs once more  
With eagerness they burned.

Out to the barn they ran at once;  
But soon their joy had flown,  
For, oh, those lovely, pinkish  
pigs  
To great, fat hogs had grown.

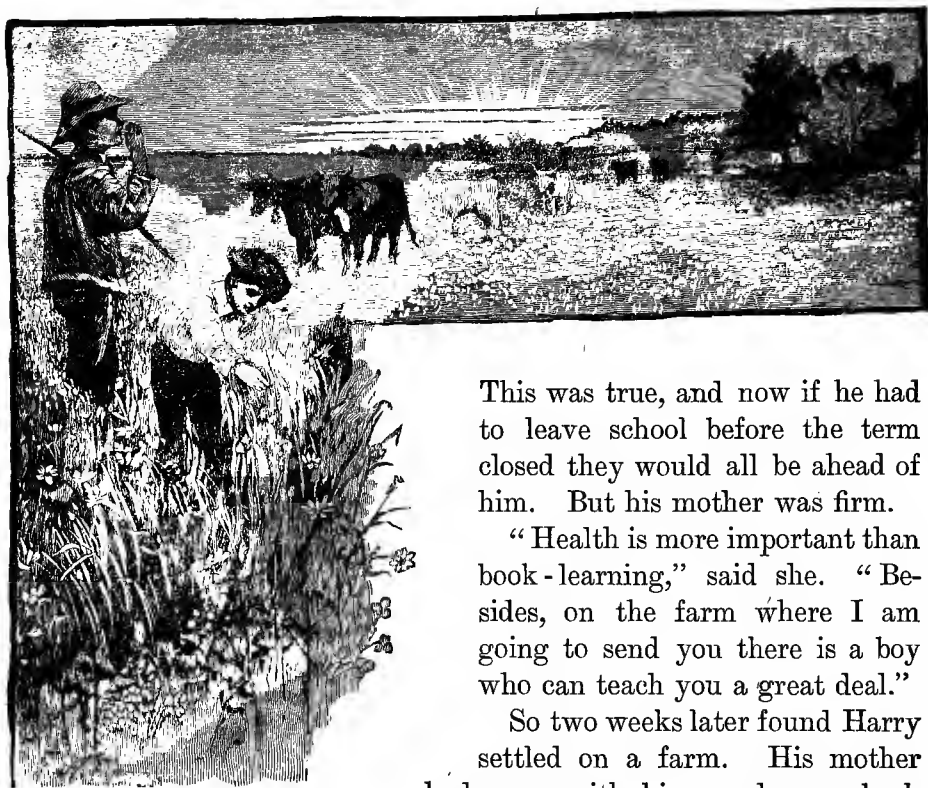


## LESSONS WITHOUT BOOKS.

“TAKE me out of school before vacation!” said Harry Brooks to his mother. “Why, I shall not like it at all. I shall be behind all my class.”

“Perhaps,” said his mother, “but you will come back in the autumn strong and well. You have never been the same boy since you had the diphtheria early in the winter.”

Harry knew that very well. He knew that he could hardly play at all with the other boys, because everything tired him. They could beat him in all their sports. He did not like to be beaten in anything, so he had comforted himself by thinking that he could beat them in lessons.



This was true, and now if he had to leave school before the term closed they would all be ahead of him. But his mother was firm.

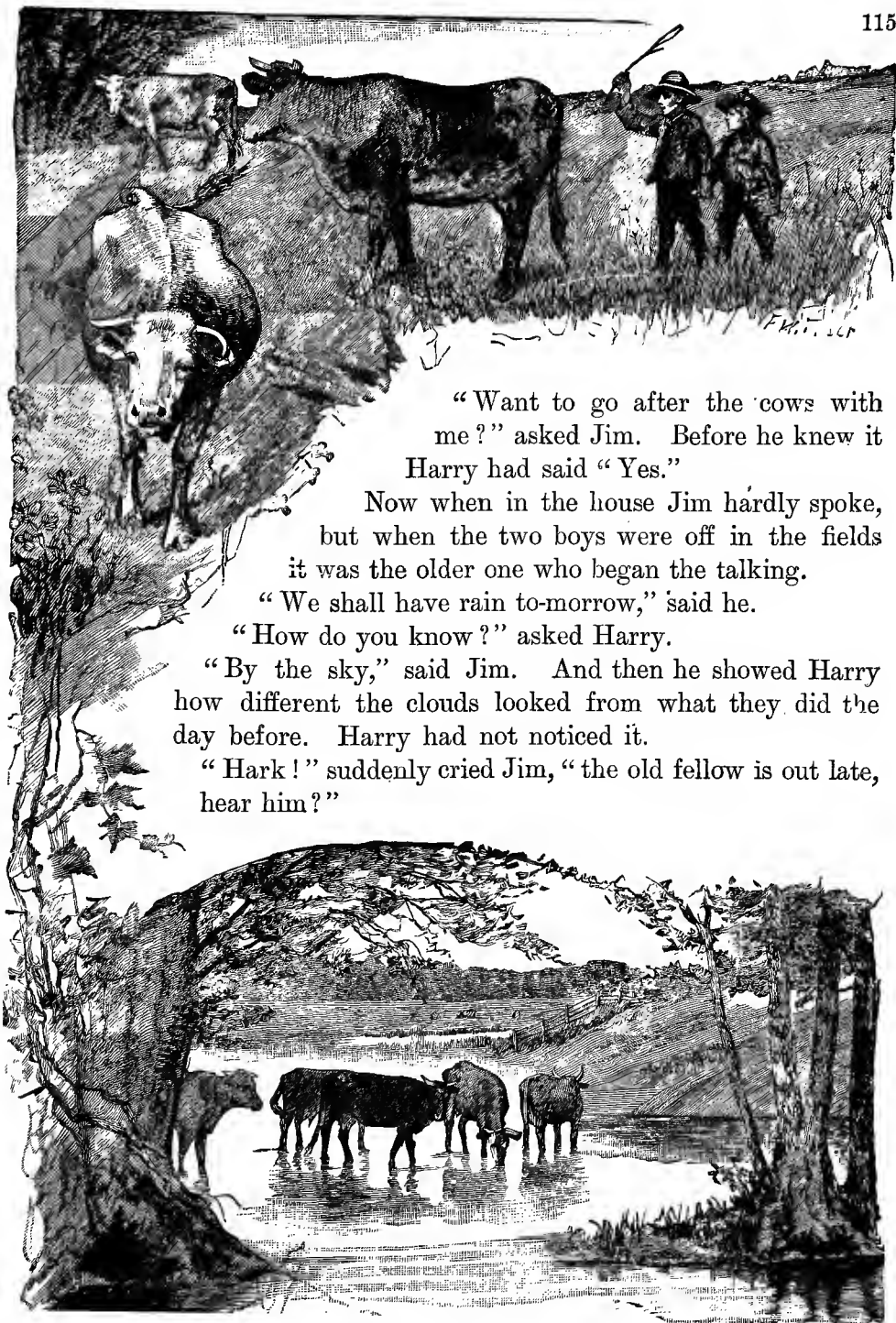
"Health is more important than book-learning," said she. "Besides, on the farm where I am going to send you there is a boy who can teach you a great deal."

So two weeks later found Harry settled on a farm. His mother had come with him, and gone back again to the city. He did not like it at all. He was not allowed to study, and he knew nothing of farm life.

"Make friends with Jim," said his mother, as she bade him good-bye; "when you know him you will like him, that is if he likes you."

Harry looked at Jim that night at supper. Jim was the son of Mrs. Binks, with whom Harry was to stay all summer. Jim worked on his mother's farm. He was several years older than Harry. His hair was red, his face was freckled, his hands were red and rough with hard work. "Mother says he can teach me a great deal," thought Harry. "He does n't look as if he knew anything." Just then Jim looked straight at Harry. Harry thought for a moment the boy must have the power to look right into his mind, Jim's eyes had such a queer look in them.





"Want to go after the cows with me?" asked Jim. Before he knew it Harry had said "Yes."

Now when in the house Jim hardly spoke, but when the two boys were off in the fields it was the older one who began the talking.

"We shall have rain to-morrow," said he.

"How do you know?" asked Harry.

"By the sky," said Jim. And then he showed Harry how different the clouds looked from what they did the day before. Harry had not noticed it.

"Hark!" suddenly cried Jim, "the old fellow is out late, hear him?"

"I hear some one tapping a tree," said Harry.

"That some one is a woodpecker," laughed Jim. Very soon they came upon the bird getting a late supper from the grubs he picked out of the trunk of a tree.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jim, stopping short and staring at the ground, "a woodchuck as I live." Harry looked down, and could see nothing. But Jim pointed out curious little tracks in the ground and grass, followed them up, and came to a hole. "His home," said Jim; "I must catch him to-morrow, or he'll have our chickens."

Harry began to understand what his mother meant when she said, "Jim can teach you a great deal." He learned that a country-boy, who only has a few weeks schooling in a year, knows many wise things of which the town-boy is ignorant.

Jim and Harry became fast friends. To go after the cows with Jim was Harry's great delight. To be with him, to talk to him, one of his greatest pleasures. When Harry went back to town in the Autumn, he sent Jim a fine brass cow-bell. "So that when you hear it every evening, you'll think of me," he wrote. "Because you might forget me. I can't forget you. You taught me lots I never knew before."





## A GOSSIP WITH THE MOON.

I MET the moon the other night,  
Out by the chestnut tree;  
I'll tell you, if you'll listen all,  
Some things she told to me.

She says that long ago she was  
As blooming as the sun,  
Though now so pale her cheeks, and blanched  
Her roses one by one.

She says she sees the frost before  
It comes upon the ground;  
And hears the footsteps of the snow  
While men are sleeping sound

She says she sees the babies smile  
When no one else can see;  
And that she loves to see them dream,  
And dimple prettily.

She told me many a pretty tale,  
And many a secret, too,  
And made me promise yester-night  
I'd never tell it you!

But if, to-morrow night, my dears,  
You'll seek the chestnut tree,  
No doubt she'll tell you every word,  
Just as she did to me!



### BABY BETH'S CAKE.

BABY BETH was eating her supper. She did not seem very hungry. She played with her spoon, she talked to her dolly, in short, instead of really eating her supper she seemed to be only making believe to do so.

"Come," said mama, "if you do not eat your bread and milk you cannot have your cake."

Aunt Dora had just come to the house for a visit. She was in the room, too. Aunt Dora, who was a very pretty young aunt, turned to Beth's mama, and said, "Do you mean to say that you give that tot cake?"

Before Beth's mama could reply, Beth herself said, "Yes, cake every night, every night in the garden, before bed."

"In the garden when it doesn't rain," said Beth's mama, with a smile, "and when it rains we have cake in the parlor."

"Well, I never heard of such a thing!" said pretty Aunt Dora.

"There is a first time to hear everything," said Beth's mama, almost laughing.

"That is the last drop," said Beth, as she put down her bowl, over the top of which her big blue eyes had been staring at her mama and auntie.

"Then we will go into the garden and have our cake," said her mama.

"Auntie, come too," said Beth.

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Dora, "I will come," but she looked as if she wanted to say again, "I never heard of such a thing."

When they reached the garden Beth's mama seated herself in a big straw chair and took her little girl on her lap.



"Are you ready for your cake?" she asked.

"Yes," said Beth, "all ready," and she thrust out her two little dimpled hands. Mama took the hands in hers, and began patting them together as she sang,

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man."

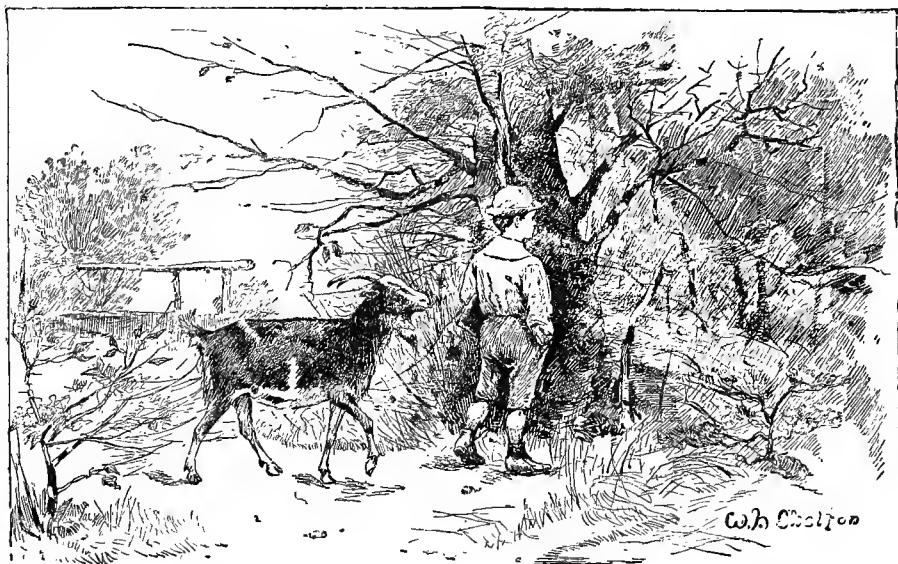
"So I do, master, fast as I can."

"Roll it, prick it, mark it with B,  
And toss in the oven for—"

"*Auntie* and me," shouted Beth.

Aunt Dora stood near, laughing heartily. "So that is the kind of cake you mean?" she said.

"Of course it is," said Beth, "what kind did you think?"



### HOW BILLY CROSSED THE BRIDGE.

ALMOST every child has heard of Mary's little lamb which followed her to school. Now I am going to tell you about a little goat which followed his master to school. The goat was named Billy. He was

black and white; very handsome, and as amiable as he was good-looking. Some goats are obstinate and tricky, but Billy was neither one or the other. Billy's master was named Hector.

One day Hector and his sister Annette started for school, Billy running along with them as usual. When they came to a bridge, which they had to cross, it was being repaired by some workmen. The floor of the bridge had been taken off; but the long, broad beams were left. The bridge was built over a narrow river, just where there was a sort of waterfall. Hector and Annette went across on the beams. They



thought it was quite exciting to cross in that way with the river rushing, and roaring, and whirling below. They were quite surprised, when they reached the other side, to see that Billy had not even tried to follow them.

"I believe he is afraid," said Annette.

"A goat ought not to be afraid to walk a beam like that," said one of the workmen.

"No," said the other man, "goats can run on narrow places where a man would not dare set foot."

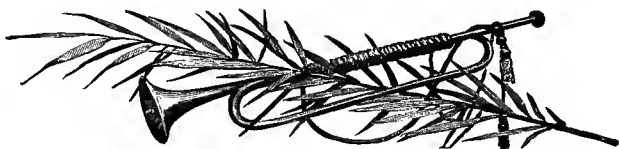
"I know what the trouble is," said Hector, "he is afraid of the noise of the water. I think I can help him."

Back over the beam went Hector. He had taken Annette's handkerchief from her. He stuffed that into one of Billy's ears. Then he stuffed his own handkerchief into the other ear. Billy stood very still while this was done. Then Hector again crossed on the beam, looking back at Billy with an encouraging smile. Annette beckoned from the other side. Billy hesitated a moment; shook his head a little, and then followed his master.

"I declare," cried one of the men, as Billy reached the other side, "that's the most curious sight I ever saw."

"Yes," said the other man, "that beats all. It's hard to tell which is the smarter, Billy or his master."

"If you will only be smart enough to get the bridge finished to-night," laughed Hector, "Billy and I will be satisfied." The men laughed at that. The bridge was finished that afternoon.



### MY LITTLE MUSICIANS.

TEN years ago I spent a number of months in Italy. If you don't know where Italy is, get a map of Europe and hunt it up. It is that queer-shaped country running out into the Mediterranean Sea. On the map it looks very much like a boot.

I was writing a letter to some friends in America one morning, when I heard music outside my window. It was not loud music. Some one seemed to be playing a violin very faintly, and a sweet, gentle little voice was singing a song.

I rose and, going to the window, looked down into the street. There stood two dear little Italian children. A boy and a girl. The boy was playing on a small violin; it was the girl who was singing the song.



As I looked down at them the little girl stopped singing, and raised her left hand toward me. In her hand she held a cup. She wanted me to throw some money into it. I was just going to do so, when I noticed how very, very poor the children looked. Not only poor, but hungry. I thought to myself, "Those children need something to eat, something better than they can buy for what I should throw them."

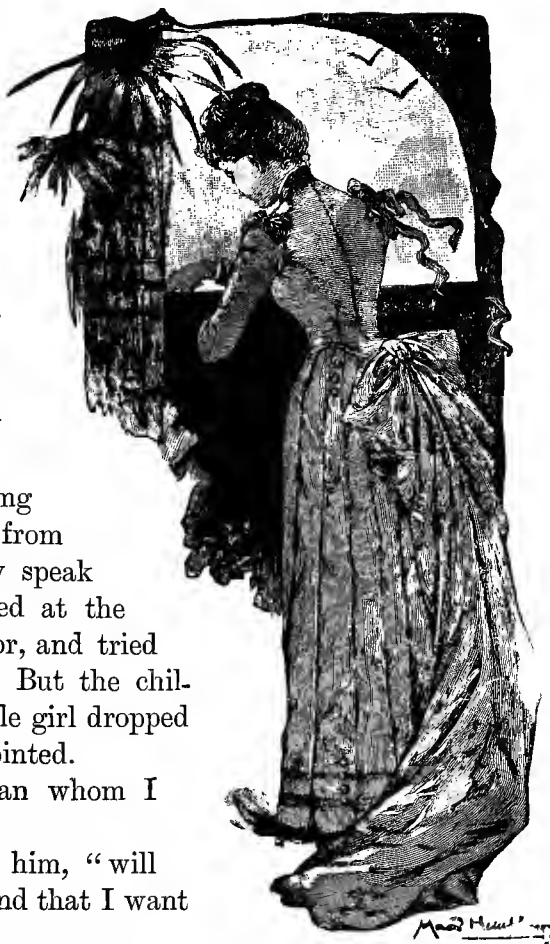
The little girl still stood reaching her cup up to me, looking at me from her great, sad eyes. I could only speak a few words of Italian; I smiled at the children, pointed to the street-door, and tried to say, "Come up and see me." But the children did not understand. The little girl dropped her arm, and looked much disappointed.

At that moment a gentleman whom I knew came by.

"Oh, Mr. Haven," I called to him, "will you make those children understand that I want them to come up and see me?"

"If I may come with them," he said. Then Mr. Haven, who could speak Italian easily, turned and said something to the children. Their faces instantly broke into shy, delighted smiles. In a few moments Mr. Haven had brought them both into my parlor. In a few more moments, they were eating a hearty lunch of bread and meat, and milk and jam.

The name of the little boy was Guiseppi, that of the little girl was Zerlina. Every day after that they came and played under my window, and although I did not ask them to lunch each day, I did so very often.



We became great friends, and one of the saddest moments I had in sunny Italy was when I said good-bye to my little musicians.



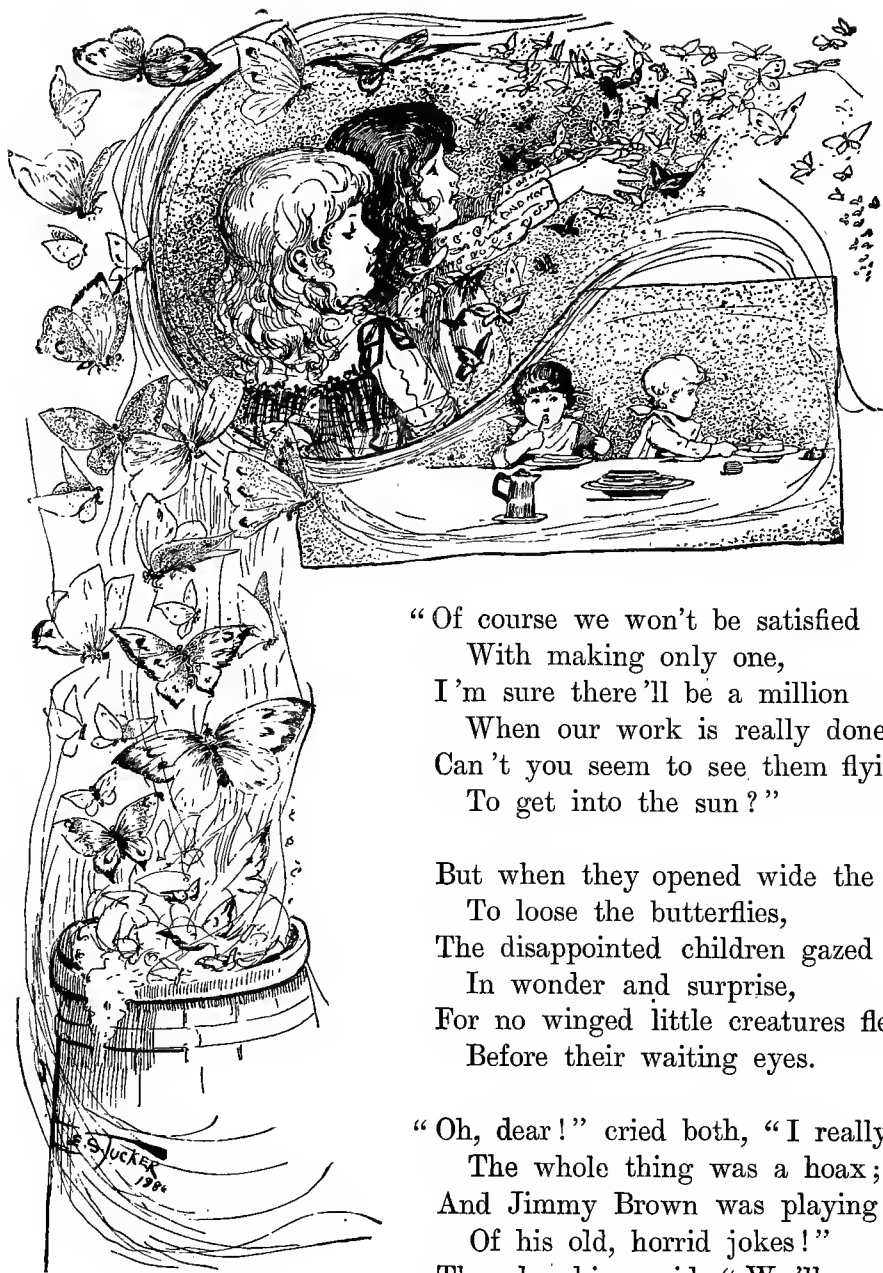
### JIMMY BROWN'S JOKE.

“If Jimmy Brown can do it, why,  
Of course then, so can we,”  
Said Ethel Joy to Mabel Byrnes  
Beneath the apple-tree,  
As they turned the handles of the churn  
Each busy as a bee.

“He said he’d make the butter fly,  
And we can do the same,  
I wonder just how long he churned  
Before it really came,  
For I’m growing very tired;  
My arms are getting lame.”



JIMMY BROWN'S JOKE.

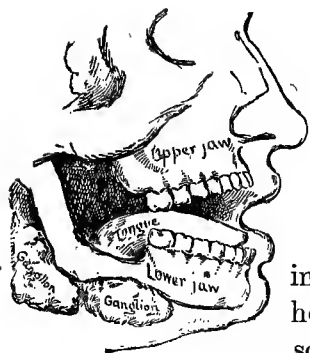


“Of course we won’t be satisfied  
With making only one,  
I’m sure there’ll be a million  
When our work is really done;  
Can’t you seem to see them flying out  
To get into the sun?”

But when they opened wide the churn,  
To loose the butterflies,  
The disappointed children gazed  
In wonder and surprise,  
For no winged little creatures flew  
Before their waiting eyes.

“Oh, dear!” cried both, “I really think  
The whole thing was a hoax;  
And Jimmy Brown was playing one  
Of his old, horrid jokes!”  
Then laughing said, “We’ll never tell  
We were such stupid folks.”

## A LESSON FROM THE FARMER'S WORK.



You have seen a farmer plow in the spring. You know how he breaks up the hard ground so that the rain may moisten it thoroughly and make it proper food for the young, growing plants. What would happen, do you think, if he neglected his work and the ground were left hard and caked? Even if the rain came down in torrents do you suppose it would penetrate to the roots so that the hundreds of little root-mouths feeling about so eagerly for food could eat? No, it would simply run off the surface and do little or no good.

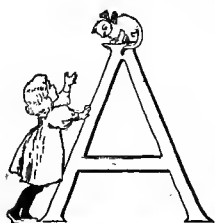
And suppose the farmer were a very lazy or a very careless man, and thought it would do if he merely skimmed over the ground. Do you think that *that* would be an improvement? Not much of one. To be sure the rain could soak in a little farther but it would not be able to do its work as it should.



Now just so is it with the food which you eat. If you "bolt" it, as the saying is, — that is swallow it without chewing, the saliva factories which work only or principally when the teeth work, do not pour out their fluid and moisten the food, and it consequently goes into the stomach unprepared. And if like the idle or careless farmer, you simply "skim" at preparing the food, that is eat hurriedly and without proper mastication, (chewing it properly), it is not much better, for the saliva, moistens the food but little as it "runs off."

Now does it not seem that when God has given you such a wonderful mill in your mouth, you should use it properly? Especially when its use starts up the factories that are needed so much by the food?

### THE UNGRATEFUL ORIOLE.



BOLD Baltimore Oriole chanced to fly  
Near a lady's window-sill where  
Was a basket of beautiful silken floss  
Of a softness beyond all compare.

"That's exactly the thing for  
my nest," said he,  
And then seizing a skein in  
his beak,  
He at once flew away with his  
gleaming spoils  
His young wife and his bird-  
lings to seek.

But he scarcely had flown e'en  
a rod when he  
On a branch caught his silky  
prize  
Where it clung and stayed,  
though he twitched and  
pulled,  
Till the tears fairly shone in  
his eyes.



But at last, as the evening  
shadows fell,  
He abandoned the task in  
despair  
And that exquisite, glistening,  
lovely floss  
Was left uselessly hanging  
up there.

While the lady who needed it  
sought it in vain,  
Ah, just think what had been  
her great grief,  
Had she known that the bird she had often  
fed  
Had ungratefully proved a mere thief!







## BIRDS OF PARADISE.

The beautiful birds seen in this picture are all Birds of Paradise, although they differ in many ways.

But besides these varieties there are hundreds and hundreds of others

Birds of Paradise are found chiefly in New Guinea and the islands near that country. They are wonderfully beautiful in plumage, and yet what bird do you suppose they greatly resemble? The common black



crow. We should not see this resemblance unless we studied birds and compared one kind with another. The Bird of Paradise is like the crow in the shape of its body, its bill and feet. Then its habits, and strange to say its cries are like those of the crow.

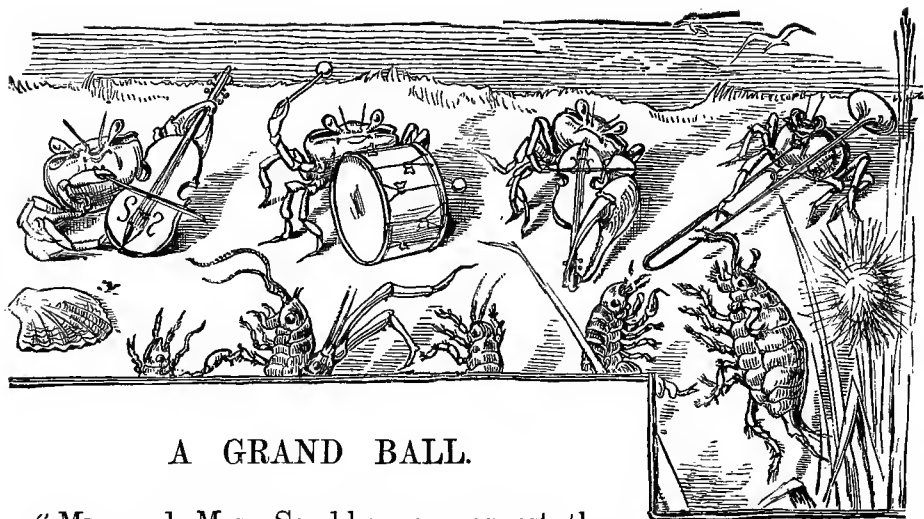
The skins of the Birds of Paradise used sometimes to be worn by eastern soldiers when they went into battle. The soldiers thought the skins served as a charm to protect the wearer from harm.

When the skins of these birds with the feathers on were sent to foreign countries all signs of legs or feet were removed. From this fact the idea arose that the creatures had no feet. It was thought they floated in the air always, or hung from the trees by the long fine feathers of their tails. This foolish idea was believed for many, many years by intelligent people.

In its natural home the Bird of Paradise is very active and lively in its habits. If caught and kept in a cage it is pert and bold.

In different languages different names are given these gorgeous, beautiful creatures. In one language they are called Birds of Paradise, in another Birds of the Air, in a third Birds of the Sun, and most beautiful of all — God's Birds.





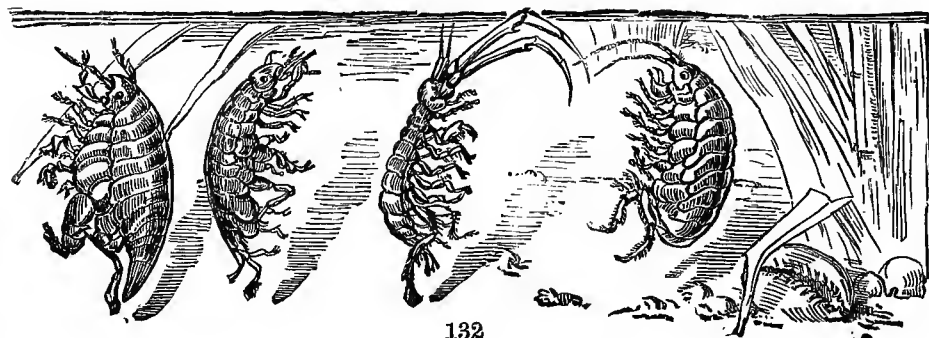
## A GRAND BALL.

“MR. and Mrs. Sand-hopper request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Sand-screw’s company, on Thursday evening, September 24th. Dancing.”

That is the way the invitations were worded. Now, we were not invited to the party, it is true, but still, as we happen to be strolling in the neighborhood, there certainly can be no harm in our looking in for a moment, to see how the dancers are enjoying themselves; and it will be very easy, for, as it is a warm evening, the ball is held out of doors, on the sand-beach here.

Dear! Dear! What a gay scene! What is it they are dancing?

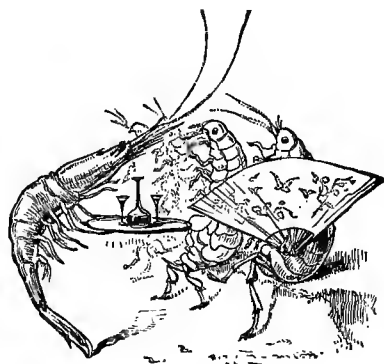
“First couple forward and back, jump over each other, and turn somersault back to places! All hands jump! Second couple right and left, three back somersaults, and hop to places! Ladies chain! All hands hop! Right claw, left claw, down the middle! All hands somersault back to places!”



Well! I never saw a dance like that before, did you? And everybody is dancing: no lazy people here. There must be a thousand people. A thousand! There must be a million!

"Hop! Hop! Skip! Skip! Right claw, left claw, down the middle!"

Don't you wish we could be sand-hoppers, too, just for a few minutes? That is Mr. Sand-hopper himself in the picture, the one who is just jumping backward so nimbly. He is dancing with his cousin, Miss Corophium, — that lovely creature with the long, graceful, claw-like antennæ. She is not quite used to dancing on sand, for she lives in the mud at home; but still she is enjoying herself very much. The lady in the left-hand corner is Mrs. Sand-screw, who is dancing back to back with Mr. Kroyler's Sand-screw, her third cousin. It is quite a family party, you see, for host and guests are all related to each other.



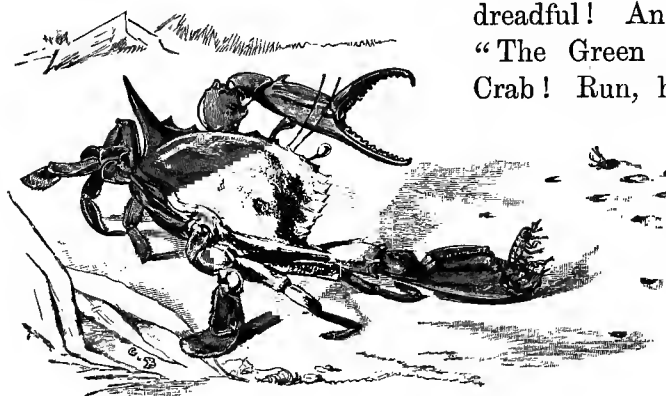
Curious people, aren't they? The biggest cannot be more than an inch long. Their hard, shining shells are polished as bright as possible, and their claws all neatly arranged. They have twelve legs, some of which they use in walking and some in swimming; indeed, one of their family names is *Amphipoda*, which means "both kinds of feet." Some of the ladies are carrying their eggs with them, packed away under the fore-part of their bodies, just where the legs are joined on. Shouldn't you think they would be afraid of dropping them?

Ah! Now they are going to supper! There is the feast, spread out on the sand. Great heaps of delicious rotten sea-weed, and plenty of worms, — a supper fit for a king, if the king happens to be a sand-hopper. They seem very hungry, and no wonder, after dancing so hard!

They will eat anything and everything, — these tiny creatures; if you were to drop your handkerchief now it would be bitten to rags in five minutes.

The lovely Miss Corophium is beating the sand with her long feelers, to see if there are any more worms under it. Greedy creature! Can't you be content with what is given you? But look! What is the matter now? Oh! Oh! How dreadful! An enemy is coming.

"The Green Crab! The Green Crab! Run, hop, burrow under ground, for your lives!" Off they all go, helter-skelter, Hopper, Screw, and Corophium.



The family, and as many guests as they

can shelter, disappear under ground into their tiny holes; the rest make off wherever they can. Have all escaped? Alas! No! The unfortunate Kroyler's Sand-screw has a lame leg, and cannot go as fast as the rest. He is seized by the terrible Green Crab, the enemy of his whole race, and gobbled up before our very eyes.

The ball is over; come away! Somehow I don't care so much about being a sand-hopper now, do you?

## CATCHING THE BIRD.

SHORT time has little Tудic lived;  
 Not much she has to tell;  
 Of what she has she makes the most,  
 For she the gift of tongues can boast;  
 A listener suits her well.

She gives, with vividness intense,  
 Brief tales of her experience, —

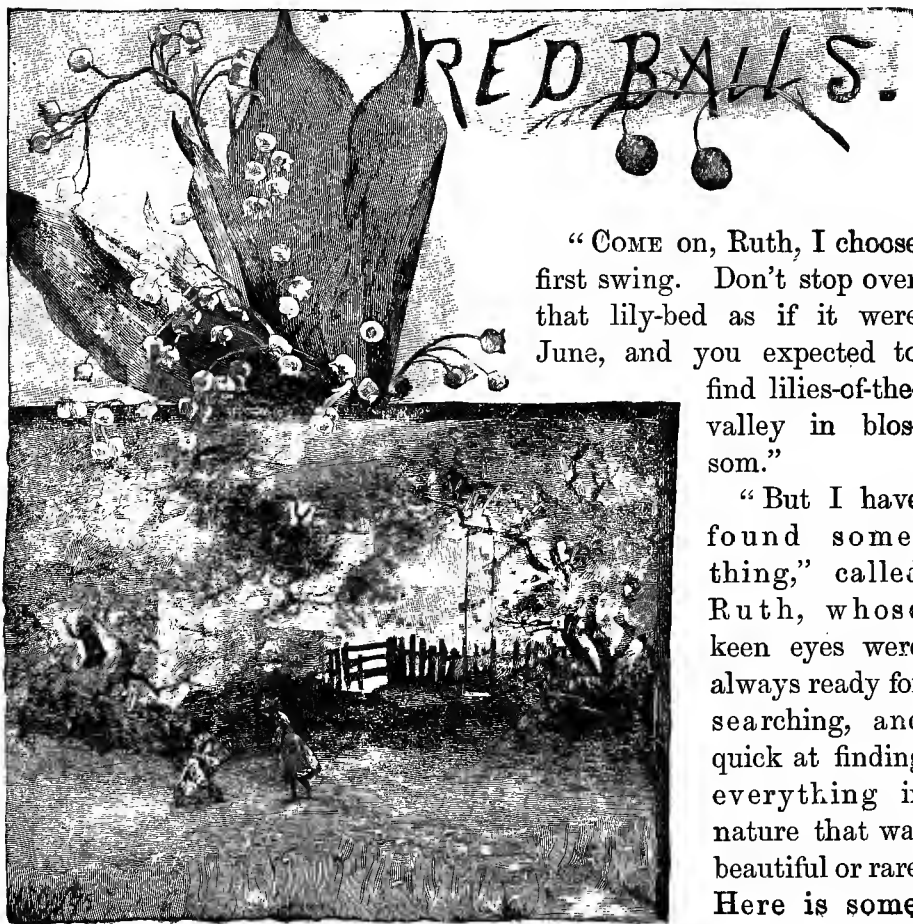
The yellow kitten's mournful loss,  
The frightful dog that looked so cross,  
Her wrongs from Tommy's hands endured,  
The bruise her mother's kisses cured,



The one-armed doll she loves the best,  
The three eggs in the chipbird's nest;  
"And oh," she says, "I caught a bird,  
My very self, one day,  
But, just before he touched my hand,  
That bird, he flew'd away!"

I kiss the pretty face that glows  
Beneath her brown hair like a rose.  
"It was a naughty bird," said I,  
"That would from little Tudic fly!  
But you, my dear, must understand,  
Unless you have it in your hand,  
That in this world you never ought  
To speak of anything as caught!"

---



"COME on, Ruth, I choose first swing. Don't stop over that lily-bed as if it were June, and you expected to find lilies-of-the-valley in blossom."

"But I have found something," called Ruth, whose keen eyes were always ready for searching, and quick at finding everything in nature that was beautiful or rare. Here is some-

thing lovely in the lily bed; and it belongs here, too!" and Ruth held up a lily stem with plump red balls hanging from the very stemlets where snowy bells once swung.



"You're always finding something," said Grace, taking hold of the stem, and eying the pretty balls with wonder.

"Why do you suppose we never saw them before?" asked Ruth.

Grace thought a moment and gave, no doubt, the true answer: "Because we always pick all the lilies. You know then the seeds could not ripen, and these are seed-balls, I should suppose."

"Well, I shall show them to Aunt Louise: you go on to the swing, and I'll come in a minute;" and the golden locks went flying in the direction of Aunt Louise's "den."

"Yes," said her aunt, "these are seed-cups, or lily-balls if you choose to call them so. Do you remember, Ruth, the 'bird's nest' of wild carrot I showed you one day, and the little gray speckled balls I put in for eggs?"

"Yes, and a milk-weed pod for the birds," laughed Ruth.

"Well, if these gray speckled balls had not been picked quite so

soon, they would have turned red, exactly the color of these. They were seed-cups of the Solomon's seal. Now, people in the same family, you know, often look alike, and plants live in 'families.' So the red balls of the lily-of-the-valley and those of Solomon's seal have a right to look alike, for they belong to the same family."

"Sisters," said Ruth, laughing. "Keep these for me, please, while I go and swing."

Aunt Louise took down her paints and brush, and soon put the red balls on a card, and wrote some verses below for Ruth, which she found under her plate at tea-time:—

Hiding away in their leaves of green,  
Little red balls I to-day have seen,  
Where did I find them—the fairy show—  
Little Red Riding Hoods, all in a row?

*Not* where bright roses had fallen away;  
Not where the Solomon's seal loves to stray;  
Not in the woods where the twin-berries glow;  
Not where the "wintergreens" make a bright show;

But down in the bed where a sweet perfume  
Filled my lily bells once, in their snowy bloom,  
There to-day my balls of coral swung  
From the self-same stems where the lilies swung.

And I heard the green leaves, whispering, say,  
"Don't take *all* the treasures, in spring, away,  
But leave for autumn, if ever so few,  
*Some* pretty red balls where the lilies grew."







# The Ner- vous Dollie:

By  
Frank H. Stauffer



Fred, you noisy fellow!  
 Stop that racket with  
 your drum!  
 My dollie's got a head-  
 ache,  
 And her nerves are all  
 unstrung!

## CHARLIE'S TRAVELS.

CHARLIE was a nice little boy, just four years old. One day he heard his brother Frank tell about his travels. Charlie thought that he should like to travel, too, and see pretty things.

So that evening he went out on the street alone. He thought he would travel a little, and then come home and tell what he had seen. He walked to the nearest corner, and saw many fine houses and a large church. He thought it strange that men with such small hands could build such big houses. Then he came to another corner. He turned into a pretty street, where there was a park, with grass and flowers. Many children were playing under the trees. Charlie put his hand through the fence, to pluck a rose for his mamma; but a



man frowned at him, and told him not to do so; so he went on, and turned around the next corner.

Here he found a wide street, with many people, and horses and wagons. There were shops, with windows full of lovely things, and Charlie stopped to look at them. But just then a bad boy came along and made faces at him, and pulled his hair. Charlie was scared, and ran on until he came to another corner. Here was a nice, quiet street,

with pretty grass and trees. He felt very tired ; and he was hungry, too. He wanted to go home ; but where was his home ? He had



travelled so far that he had got lost. Charlie went a little way down this street, and sat down on a door-step and began to cry. Oh ! how he wished he was at home with his own dear mamma.

Just then the door behind him opened, and some one ran down the steps. Before Charlie could look round he was snatched up and carried into the house ; and there his own mamma hugged and kissed him, and cried. They had been looking for him all the evening.

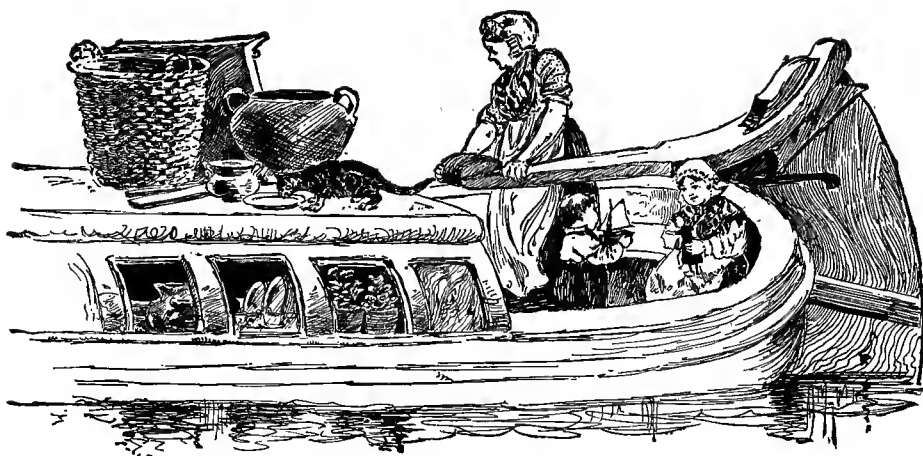
Charlie had travelled all around the square. And he had come back, and sat down on his own papa's door-step, without knowing it !



### ANOTHER KIND OF STAR.

WHEN the sun has gone down of a warm day in summer, and the moon is not yet up, and the stars are coming out one by one, if you go into the meadow, or down the lane, you will see another kind of star. This is the glow-worm. Though it is called so, it is not a real worm. It is a kind of grub, with a pale fire, or glow, at the end of its tail. But this is not like the fire that cooks your food, and keeps you warm. It will not burn, or give out heat. If you take the bug in your hand it cannot harm you. It will walk up and down, all over it, and will cast a glow so that you will be able to see it very well.

What do you suppose this little glow-worm carries this funny light for ? Why, so that its mate may find it in the dark, perhaps. It lies at rest all day, and does not wake up until dusk, when it comes out at the same time with the bat and the owl.



## OUR LITTLE ONES IN HOLLAND.

HOLLAND is a very strange country. Most of the land is below the level of the sea. The people have built dikes on the sea-shore, and on the banks of the rivers, to keep the water out. These dikes are high banks of earth. In some places they are built of stone. They plant trees on the dikes of earth, and the roots keep the water from washing them away.

On many of the dikes there are long lines of windmills. They are used for pumping out the water from the inside of the dikes. There are a great many canals in Holland. In some of the cities canals are used as streets. Boats go all over the country. A great many people spend their whole lives on the water. Our little ones there are often born, brought up, and spend their days in boats.

The whole family of the boatman eat and sleep in the little cabin. The children play about the deck. The Dutch women are very neat, and they keep the cabin as nice as a parlor. The space is small on the boat, but the home is just as it would be on the land. The growing plants, and pussy eating her milk, seem to be odd sights on a boat.

Some of the vessels go out to sea. The family go with them. The fisherman often has his wife and children on board. The mother of the little ones has to work like a man. She helps catch the fish and land them. Sometimes mamma has to steer the boat. Sometimes she and the boys have to drag the boat with a rope while papa steers.

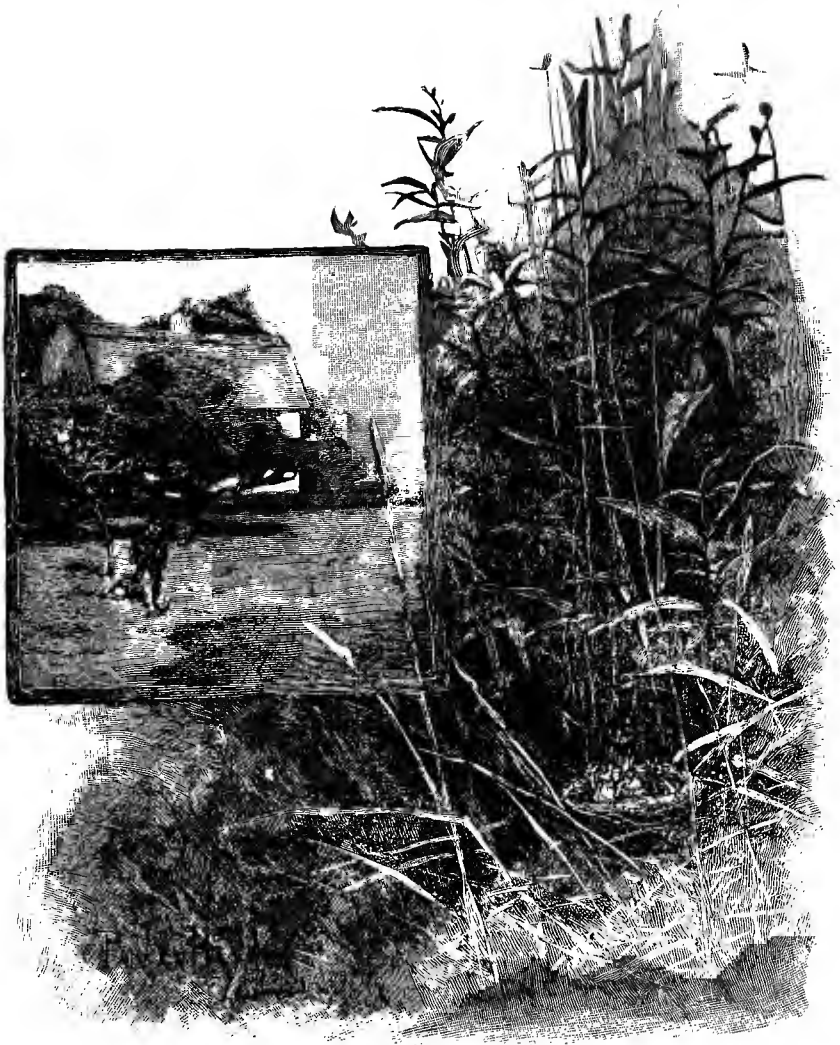
In Holland dogs have to work for their living. They are harnessed to small carts or wagons. They draw the milk, butter and cheese,



fruit and vegetables, to market. The farmer's wife usually goes with them, and sells the load in the city. I have seen carts and wagons drawn by from one to four dogs. Sometimes half a dozen of the little ones take a ride for pleasure.

The children in Holland, as in America and England, are very fond of flying kites. The country is flat, and the winds are steady. The boys and girls of the poorer classes wear wooden shoes. They are heavy and clumsy, and make a clumping noise when the wearer walks on the floor or pavement. Little girls wear caps like grandmothers.





### FOUR LITTLE BOBOLINKS.

DOWN in the grasses soft and sweet,  
In a cradle dainty and fine,  
Four little bobolinks nestle complete,  
Never making a sign.

## FOUR LITTLE BOBOLINKS.

Rob goes by, with a whistle gay,  
 And a chirp like a bit of song;  
 "It's not our mother," the birdies say,  
 But to dinner time seems long.



"Hi!" cries Rob; "there's a bobolink,  
 And her nest is somewhere around  
 Here in the grass — now, let me think,  
 In a moment I'll have it found."

Down with a flutter swift in the air,  
 Amid the sweet grasses and clover,  
 Bobolink lights, and is here and there —  
 Makes of Rob a sad rover.

Ah! little robin, your boy's keen wit  
 Is no match for mother-care;  
 Though from meadow to field you flit  
 You will never find it there.

Four little bobolinks, safe and sweet,  
 Eat their dinner with joy,  
 While their mother softly says grace before meat,  
 And thinks of the far-off boy.





## A LAND VOYAGE.

SOME children playing on the sea-shore one day found an empty barrel. After rolling it around a little while, Robert thought of a use for it.

"O sister!" he cried, "I mean to go down the bluff in this, like the man who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel."

The children clapped their hands. Fanny looked sober. Her brother's "'speriments" sometimes failed.

Then a dozen little brown hands began to push the barrel up the steep bank above the beach. Robert was such a daring fellow that everybody liked to help him.

Once at the top, he explained his plan. It sounded so well that Fanny believed Robert could do it, but she wished in her heart that he would give it up.

When all was ready he took off his shoes, hat, and neck-tie. He made a low bow to the little company, kissed his sister, and crept into the barrel. Fanny tried not to cry, but her heart beat fast.

The signal was given and off went the barrel. Crashing through brush and over stones, it flew down, down, down. Then it shot across a strip of smooth beach, out into the sea.

The tide was going out, and soon barrel, Robert, and all were lightly floating on the waves. This was more than he had thought of. He had been ashamed to scream on his rough passage down the hill. The touch of cold water loosened his tongue. His cries were of little use, however. There was nobody to hear him; besides, the barrel, which was now pretty full of water, was fast sinking.



Of course the watching children called loudly for help, but people thought them only playing, as usual. At last a bather heard their cries and hurried to the spot. It was not a minute too soon. The barrel, with its precious load, was fast going down.

Robert was taken home and put in his bed. The sobbing children who followed him thought he would die. He soon began to get well, however; but he was quite ready to give up trying dangerous "speriments."

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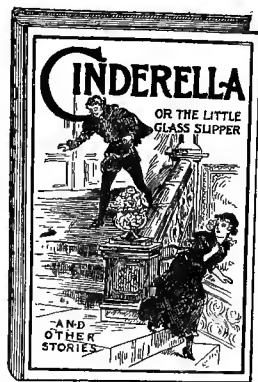
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